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THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

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BY
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AND JOHN DOVER WILSON

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

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CONTENTS

JOHN WILSON	FRONTISPIECE
INTRODUCTION	PAGE vii
TO THE READER	xxix
TITLE-PAGE OF THE QUARTO OF 1600 (reduced facsimile)	1
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	2
THE COPY FOR THE TEXT OF 1600	89
NOTES	109
THE FOLIO VARIANTS	154
THE STAGE-HISTORY	159
GLOSSARY	165

THE FRONTISPIECE IS REPRODUCED FROM A PORTRAIT ('1655: RO. FISHER *PINXIT*') OF JOHN WILSON, DOCTOR OF MUSIC, GIVEN BY HIM TO THE MUSIC SCHOOL AT OXFORD, AND NOW PRESERVED IN THE EXAMINATION SCHOOLS THERE. FOR HIS IDENTITY WITH THE 'IACKE WILSON' INDICATED IN THE FIRST FOLIO AS THE SINGER OF BALTHAZAR'S DITTY 'SIGH NO MORE, LADIES,' SEE NOTE ON PAGE 128

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

I

This happy play, chiming to the echo of Balthazar's song, converts all sounds of woe—its editors' included—

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Questions of text, of date, etc., can be accurately resolved, or at most, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, admit no wide solution. We treat them respectfully in our Note on the Copy [pp. 89–107]; but for our present purpose it suffices to summarise two conclusions:

(*a*) The text was first set up in print in 1600; in a Good Quarto, direct from the MS theatrical prompt-book. A copy of this Quarto went back to the theatre to be used as prompt-book for later performances: and this same printed copy, scored with a number of prompter's jottings, went to Jaggard's office in 1622–3 to supply the *Much Ado* text in the First Folio. Here, then, in Quarto, we get, as nearly as anywhere in the canon, to Shakespeare's own manuscript; while the Folio bears traces of subsequent rehearsals—for the play was popular and must have been re-staged many times between 1600 and 1623.

(*b*) The date, then, is 1600 at latest; and it can scarcely be earlier than 1598, since Francis Meres' famous list, which appeared in that year, makes no mention of this successful *Much Ado*.

Here, however, we must make two reservations. In the first place Meres' list includes, as every one knows, a *Love's Labour's Won*, which has never been traced, or proved to be the alternative title of any play of Shakespeare's in our possession, though numerous

attempts have been made—and notably to attach it as some early version of *All's Well that Ends Well* or of *The Tempest*. In *Collier, Coleridge and Shakespeare* (1860) A. E. Bray advanced a gallant claim for *Much Ado*, and supported it with some ingenious arguments of which we will only say here that they serve sundry good by-purposes while missing to convince us on the main. We must defer, however, the whole of this question of *Love's Labour's Won* until we come to deal with *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Our second reservation is that in limiting our date to 1598–1600 we speak only of the play *as we have it*. We believe, indeed—and in our Note on the Copy give reasons for our belief—that Shakespeare constructed this *Much Ado* on the groundwork of an earlier comedy, very possibly a first attempt of his own. But this matters little. As we have it—and whether derivative or not—the play is right Shakespeare; and on all external evidence belongs to just that romantic jollifying period to which, on its own quality, any intelligent reader must want to assign it: to the period, that is, when Shakespeare had 'found himself' as a playwright, and could start to let his genius ride with a loose rein. In any art this mastery, or the consciousness of it, will often arrive quite suddenly to cut the cords of apprenticeship. There comes a day when one man knows himself a horseman; a day when another, after long grinding at syntax and paradigms, knows as by a flash that henceforth he is free to read Greek with understanding. Even so there comes to any creative artist a day when all the burden of 'plotting,' which hitherto he has duly and rightfully carried, drops from him as the load fell from Christian's back, and henceforward he can provide stories enough to last ten of his lifetimes; the problem is no longer one of invention; it has changed into treatment—of learning to tell a thing so that the telling

will endure; of how to make literature, which is memorable speech, out of any of the hundred-and-one things in his head. As we follow Shakespeare's novitiate to his nonage it appears to us that at any time before 1597 or thereabouts he might have used the story of wronged Hero for a plot; but that scarcely before 1598 or thereabouts was he man enough to do what in this play he does: to advance two subsidiary characters, Beatrice and Benedick, and let them take charge of the audience, relegating Don John and Claudio—even Hero herself and the whole stage-plot—into the background of our interest.

But this is not all: for simultaneously something else is happening. As in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* Shakespeare had made bold to drag real Warwickshire ouphs and oafs into his plot, so, advancing from masque-work to human comedy, in *Much Ado* he waxes bolder and works in the provincial English fool—Dogberry and his like—as universal fool, advanced as such to be a real agent of his plots. 'Lord, what fools these mortals be!' discovers Shakespeare: and upon that discovery of the proportion which foolishness holds in human events he goes on to build anything in Comedy from the blundering luck of the Watch in this play up to the demented vanity of Malvolio.

II

A word must be said about 'sources.'

Immediately or remotely the story would seem—as Capell was the first to point out—to derive from a *novella* of Bandello's [Matteo Bandello, Bishop of Agen], either directly or through a French version in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Paris, 1582). The trick by which Margaret personates Hero differs from the Bandello plot, and *may* have been borrowed either from the story of Ginevra in the Fifth Book of *Orlando*

Furioso[1] or from *The Faerie Queene*, Book 2, Canto 4. *Orlando* had been translated into English by Beverly in 1565, by Sir John Harington in 1591—the latter telling us in a note at the end of the Fifth Book that the story had been already Englished 'some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace) though in verse of another kind by *M. George Turberuil*': and Shakespeare, of course, was well acquainted with *The Faerie Queene*. But Bandello must put in his claim because (1) his scene is laid at Messina and (2) his story includes a *King Pedro* and a *Messer Lionato de' Lionati*, father to the heroine. The concurrence of these two names with the place, Messina, and the personation-plot would seem to amount to proof.

But here intrudes a claimant with whom we have had to deal before, in discussing the sources of *The Tempest*—one Jacob Ayrer, of Nuremberg, who about this time wrote a play, *Die Schöne Phaenicia* [abbreviated title], obviously derived from Bandello—obviously, for on top of Messina, King Peter and Leonato, Ayrer's heroine is Phaenicia as Bandello's was Fenicia. There is no good reason to suppose that Ayrer borrowed from Shakespeare, or Shakespeare from Ayrer—and, anyhow, what does it matter? Sir Adolphus Ward sums up the evidence thus:

As the date of Ayrer's play is not known—it may have been written before or after 1600—and as that of Shakespeare's is similarly uncertain, it is impossible to decide as to their relative priority. That, however, Ayrer did not

---

[1] Non sappiendo io di questo cosa alcuna,
Venni al veron nell' abito c' ho detto;
Sì come già venuta era più d' una
E più di due fiate a buono effetto.
Le vesti si vedean chiare alla luna;
Nè dissimile essendo anch' io d' aspetto
Nè di persona da Ginevra molto,
Fece parere un per un altro il volto....
Stanza 49.

copy from Shakespeare seems, as Simrock points out, clear from the names of the characters in his play, which follow Bandello, while Shakespeare has changed all the names except those of Don Pedro and Leonato.

[As a matter of fact, Ayrer follows just so far beyond Shakespeare as to retain the names of Bandello's hero and heroine.]

Dr Furness discusses this alleged Shakespeare-Ayrer connexion with much spirit in pp. xxvi–xxxi of his *Variorum* edition of *Much Ado*, and gives a digest of the German play in his appendix (pp. 329–337).

Dr Furness, moreover, who—tied by his task (as his father was) to bestow endless care on straws and chaff—had his father's gift of detecting grain, of 'knowing coins from beans,' cites an extract from the Lord Treasurer Stanhope's Accounts, *anno* 1613, and conjectures, or suggests (p. xxi), that *Much Ado* may have taken its source from an older comedy, *Benedicte and Betteris*. He produces the warrant of that year in which both are mentioned:

Item paid to John Heminges vppon the cowncells warr*ant* dated att Whitehall xx° die Maij 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the L*ady* Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene severall playes, viz: one playe called ffilaster, one other called the knott of ffooles, One other Much adoe abowte nothinge....

Item paid to the said John Heminges upon the lyke warr*ant* dated att Whitehall xx° die Maij 1613, for presentynge sixe severall playes, viz: one play called a badd beginninge makes a good endinge[1]....And one other called Benedicte and Betteris.

But, as Dowden has pointed out, it seems much more probable that by *Benedicte and Betteris* is meant *Much Ado* itself. King Charles I, who certainly witnessed the performances above recorded, owned a copy of the Second Folio, still preserved at Windsor Castle; and

[1] We may here be on the track of *All's Well that Ends Well*.

therein entered in his handwriting 'Benedick and Beatrice' as a second title to our play.

Shakespeare, indeed, had fallen in with a fashion of riddling and elusive titles: and a frequent playgoer might well seek some *memoria technica* to remind him what the Nothing was that Much Ado was about, which of Love's Labours was Lost and which Won, what precisely reconciled All by ending Well, and just how As You Liked It differed from What You Willed.

III

By the time it reached the Quarto, at any rate, our comedy had in effect become 'Benedick and Beatrice' —or, yet more descriptively 'Beatrice and Benedick'— rather than 'Claudio and Hero': and this, happening with so early a play, makes *Much Ado* of much ado to all who study Shakespeare's growth as a playwright. Apparently the drama still hinges upon what we take leave to call, without prejudice, the old stage-plot—the intrigue against Hero, the accusation at the altar, her vindicated innocence. But the intrigue has a feeble spring of motive, and even its crucial scene under Hero's chamber-window reaches us at second hand[1]. This is not the way in which Shakespeare handled, later, a somewhat similar situation in *Troilus and Cressida*: but oddly enough, in a yet later play—*The Winter's Tale* —the plot of which at many points recalls *Much Ado*— our interest gets a very similar rebuff when, instead of being allowed to assist at a great 'recognition'-scene, we are fobbed off with *oratio obliqua* and a 'Third Gentleman' telling us that we

> have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and in such manner that, it seemed, sorrow wept to

[1] In our Note on the Copy [pp. 104–107] we discuss some gaps and perplexities in the incidents of that night, as bearing on the history of the play.

take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness, etc.

—the answer to which is, that we *have* lost a sight, and this Third Gentleman is a very feeble 'walking gentleman.' The fault remains a fault, though we charge it upon Shakespeare's indolence and borrow the words of Elijah:

> Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

But for our part we prefer the easier, warrantable explanation that such mischances happened in the process of adapting, revising, 'cutting'—whether for economy of effect, or to save time, or for some other purpose of the theatre.

The omission of the window-scene weakens our sympathy with Claudio in the chapel-scene. We cannot put ourselves in his place, deprived as we have been of the visual evidence that convinced him. We ought of course to tell ourselves that it must needs have amounted to strong proof of Hero's guilt to overpower him, hitherto presented to us as gallant and generous and quite deeply in love. After all, as the proverb says, seeing is believing.

A technical defence may be put up for the omission of the window-scene on the ground that, while it does injustice to Claudio, we have reached a point at which the playwright *intends* to disengage our interest from Claudio, to fasten it upon Beatrice and Benedick, the true protagonists; to focus the drama upon Beatrice's two strong words, 'Kill Claudio': as at this point undoubtedly Shakespeare transfers it from *novella* to drama—to a real spiritual conflict.

IV

That Shakespeare manages this in the temporary illusion of the theatre may be granted. But it may be questioned if any drama can be accounted right which, on second thoughts, holds a flaw of injustice. Nor is this lurking doubt of ours eased as we consider that Hero's vindication, when it comes, comes not by Beatrice's patient or devoted tracking down of the scandal.

The truth of it, as we shall presently see, is just stumbled upon by a parcel of fools; and would have been disclosed promptly and in time but for the unwisdom of more highly placed folly. Beatrice has no practical resource but revenge. Her instinct is passionate, feminine, extremely natural; as the way she follows it is passionate, natural and extremely feminine; but at the utmost it could do nothing to clear her cousin's character. The good Friar gives better advice.—'For Claudio let the punishment be spiritual (not, as Beatrice demands, bodily), in the remorse that will gnaw him when he hears that Hero is dead. For the rest, let us play for time. Time *may*, under Providence, vindicate the poor lady: but anyhow the report of her death will hush present scandal and, at the worst, she can be withdrawn and concealed

> In some reclusive and religious life,
> Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.'

Our daily life has no more useful servants than the men of whom this admirable Friar may stand for a type; discreet elderly men who combine the offices of priest and family physician—who, having put aside their own ambitions, can be trusted for help at a pinch, and especially when it nips the young; themselves unmarried and therefore, may be, the tenderer ministrants to lovers, the better midwives of domestic travails; believers in the divine purpose, yet not above employing

a worldly trick or so to force the Divine Hand. Such a man is the Friar in this play; its steadying sane mind, its *punctum indifferens*. He is the first to avow, against all odds, his faith in Hero's innocence; and Miss Ellen Terry never, among her many inventions, played a surer stroke of art than when (*Lyceum Theatre*, 1882), as Beatrice, she strode forth from the denunciators and doubters to fall on her knees and kiss the good man's hand for his avowal.

It is, after all, pedantic and pickthank work to belittle Beatrice's part in the play. She may not, herself, achieve the solution, or see the way to it: but emotionally she dominates it with her great loyalty, and from the moment she takes charge we know that she will win somehow. Her cast of the die is not a light one, for she truly loves Benedick. To Shakespeare and to his Elizabethan audience her 'Kill Claudio' was probably a far more dangerous, more fatal, cast than in our day we readily understand; the obligation of a lover to his mistress being, in comparison with any convention of our own times, so far weaker than that of a man to his friend. This has to be allowed for if we would understand Beatrice's strength—and Benedick's devotion.

V

'Kill Claudio.' These two words *nail* the play, and may well seem overpoweringly too strong to be converted by Comedy into 'hey nonny, nonny.' But we are always lost with Shakespeare if we attempt to define Comedy in categories deduced from Menander or Plautus before him, or from Calderon or Molière or Congreve or Sheridan after him. All Shakespeare's 'comedies' lie close to sorrow; close at least to heart-ache, sometimes close to heart-break. Even in *The Comedy of Errors* we have pathos induced upon Plautus, who knew it not: even in *Love's Labour's Lost* the shadow of death overcasts a revel. Portia, like the

Princess of France, mourns a father, in the beginning of a play which sails very close to tragedy, and only fetches off by cleverness; and so mourns Helena at the beginning of *All's Well that Ends Well*. In *Twelfth Night* Olivia and Viola mourn for brothers. No one can, under ordinary definition, make comedy of *Measure for Measure*. The half at least of *The Winter's Tale*, labelled a Comedy, is purely tragic. So *Much Ado* treads close, all the while, upon tragedy. Yet we have never a serious doubt that the issue will be blithe and bonny: and this for good reason.—

In *Much Ado*, no deceit happens, and no mistake, into the secret of which we are not admitted from the first; and therefore no explosion to catch us unprepared, no crisis to which we do not come wiser than the persons on the stage.

Before every lie is uttered we know that it is a lie, and we cannot doubt it will be detected. In the story of the treachery practised towards Hero, the incidents are in their external aspect deeply tragic, and the characters treat them as such; but we, who are in the secret, know that the whole rests within that sphere where comedy finds its nurture....Here, the catastrophe comes to us after gradual preparation. No sudden convulsion attends it, and no softening close is necessary like that which carried us from Shylock's judgement-hall to the lady's villa. Here also we have been throughout in that mood of interest slightly excited for the incidents, which enabled us to watch with delight some of the most felicitous of all representations of character, in a type which Shakespeare, again and again fondly returning to it, here developed in its utmost possible perfection[1].

Let us add that *Much Ado* has been called 'a comedy of self-deception'—with some justice, for Beatrice and Benedick have to discover their own minds, while in the education of Dogberry, Verges and Co., among other things the great first lesson 'Know thyself' has very conspicuously been neglected; and that of all

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1840, p. 483.

forms of comedy, a comedy of self-deception most stringently compels the author to be quick in advertising his audience, who must be wiser all the time than the persons on the stage. We know from the first that Beatrice is trying to hide a sincere feeling, which *we* detect; that 'my dear Lady Disdain' will sooner or later have as little use for disdain as for flippancy: and therefore, when she yields with

> Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

as when her loyal heart cries indignantly

> O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

we say to ourselves 'Aha! dear lady, you didn't take *us* in!'—which, fatuous though it be, is just what Shakespeare has been aiming to extort from us. So again we know from the first that if ever Dogberry fulfils his function, to detect wrong-doing, it will assuredly be by luck rather than by good management.

VI

With this in mind, we can easily pass to Coleridge's famous criticism of Shakespeare's plots:

> The interest in the plot is always on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from *Much Ado about Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into its service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action:—take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character: in Shakespeare it is so, or it is not so, as the character is itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

Very true: and nevertheless our comment upon it must be that, for our part, we had preferred to be given some more particular motive for Don John's scheming than a certain degree of moroseness at having been born a bastard[1]. Edmund in *Lear* has a like grudge against life; but, with all his faults, pursues his quarrel definitely. Don John has no quarrel with Claudio or with Hero, nor any hope of advancement through the success of his villainy. If it seem too flippant to say, quoting an old country proverb—'A full year of nuts is a full year for bastards'—that Don John just happened so because it was such a year, we may at least plead that Shakespeare, who afterwards created Iago, could easily, by taking a little more trouble, have given Don John an intelligible motive, and thereby made him a more intelligible villain.

> In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be!

—and still less in comedy. But if we introduce one, we ought to provide him with some excuse for himself.

VII

Under this reservation Coleridge says truly enough: and the sum of his meaning is that the stage-plot may go hang as soon as Beatrice discovers her 'grit' and we allow her to test Benedick's devotion. She may not—in fact she does not—discover the way out; but from the moment she discovers *herself* we feel that all will end well somehow.

So we enjoy the play, and are amazed, returning to the critics, to find that quite a number of them miss the

[1] Moreover in the play itself his bastardy is never announced to the audience until 5. 1., when he has left the stage for good. Up to that point it occurs only in the stage-directions. Likely enough the play-bill advertised it. But it is never mentioned as accounting for his character or as begetting the particular villainy he commits.

meaning of Beatrice altogether. The poet Campbell calls her an 'odious woman'—'She is a tartar, by Shakespeare's own showing, and, if a natural woman, is not a pleasing representative of the sex...for a good heart, that shows itself only on extraordinary occasions, is no sufficient atonement for a bad temper....' Mrs Inchbald, before him, had permitted herself to observe that 'if Benedick and Beatrice had possessed perfect good manners, or just notions of honour and delicacy, so as to have refused to become eaves-droppers, the action of the plot must have stood still, or some better method have been contrived—a worse hardly could—to have imposed on their mutual credulity.' [Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism!] Even M. Jules Lemaître, the last man one would have looked to find in this chariot, declaims upon our hero and heroine as 'insupportable' persons—'savages aiming to be witty'—'extremely subtle brutes.' Eh?—or is it Hey?—nonny, nonny!

VIII

But let us answer these critics, 'straight brow' and tight lip; for, after all, they have something to plead.

We may cut out of their question the *method* of the wooing, or at all events recommend its critics to study Shakespeare's habitual conduct of his stage love-making *per ambages* or through quickset and briars. Let them note for example, for a 'first sketch' of Benedick and Beatrice, Berowne's wooing of Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Let them proceed to Rosalind's pretty teasing, the taming of Katharina, King Harry's blunt courtship; and study how Desdemona was won. Shakespeare, one can see, hated all 'pawing' of first love—

> the sweetest thing
> That ever mingled frank and shy.

Even in *Romeo and Juliet* he interposes the distance of a balcony (and moreover Romeo is no novice). It is

not until he has outlived passion on his own account that Shakespeare—in *The Winter's Tale*, in *The Tempest* —dares to take down the hedge, to let boy and maid 'change eyes' before us and go each to other unafraid. If he did it before, in *Troilus*, he did it in savagery.

We see from the outset that Beatrice is a woman and 'therefore to be won': we cannot believe for a moment that she is fated to 'sit in a corner and cry "heigh-ho for a husband".' All her scornfullest talk bears on mating. As Motteux sings:

> Man is for the woman made,
> And the woman made for man;
> As the spur is to the jade,
> As the scabbard for the blade....

We see, too, from the outset that Benedick is her man and meant for her. 'Shakespeare's doctrine concerning the war of the sexes,' says Dowden, 'is that it is only a bright prelude to the victory of love and a permanent treaty of peace.' There is no Phaedra in Shakespeare's gallery.

Beatrice needs only a good excuse for bestowing her best gifts on Benedick. They have known each other before the play opens; they have encountered each other in the lists of mimic strife; each desires no better antagonist. The first word of Beatrice is to inquire whether 'Signior Mountanto' has returned from the wars or no. She has appropriated him as her special theme for mockery; he is already her own for the ends of laughter, and the laughter of Beatrice is so glad an outbreak of the brain and heart that it lies not very far from admiration and love.

Beatrice will never 'lead apes into hell.' On the other hand—to hark back to Motteux—she is no jade to need, or to brook, a spur, but high-mettled: her spirit will use the sword of wit to defend her maidenhood as a citadel. She will be worsted; but by Nature, not by better swordsmanship. She is doomed to capitulate; but it shall be on the handsomest terms.

This wit of hers, says Andrew Lang, 'let it be frankly avowed, is uncommonly Elizabethan.' She has read the *Hundred Merry Tales*, sure enough. But that sort of knowledge, or the instinct for it, never troubles or spoils any woman in Shakespeare. Miranda, bred on an islet, unacquainted with anything in the shape of man save a monster and her father, can talk with a simplicity outspoken enough to make a dozen Mrs Inchbalds scurry for shelter, albeit Mrs Inchbald had been an actress in her time and impersonated Imogen. We expect Shakespeare's women to be frank of speech as they are frank-eyed, and we respect them the more for it.

IX

Our trouble (we suggest) with Benedick's and Beatrice's 'wit-combats' is rather a trouble with Shakespeare's 'wit' in general. These two, as practitioners eminent by tradition, have served as lightning-conductors for a censure which should more justly be spread over many plays—indeed over almost all the Comedies.

If we could rid ourselves of idolatry and of cant when we talk about Shakespeare, we should probably admit that his 'wit'—the chop-logic of his fools, the sort of stuff that passes for court-conversation and repartee—is usually cheap, not seldom exasperating, and at times (as when we have to listen to a Speed or a Lucio—if we *must* reckon these two creatures as Shakespeare's) merely disgusting. He purveyed this stuff for his age; certainly not for all time: and the more accurately we detect it, to put it away, the more cleanly we get at his virtues.

Let us take it as we should take it with any other writer. A provincial youth (who happens to be an acquisitive genius) comes up to London, to try his luck. He finds the fashion of speech there among his 'betters'

—even the great ones at Court—to be an elaborate and artificial Euphuism; and naturally, as a youth ardent to make his mark and a name, he catches and practises the habit—for he has a most sensitive ear for any manner of speech. He finds, moreover, that at the theatre, to which he is presently apprenticed, this court-talk is sedulously imitated and tends to relax itself (or, we may say, to parody itself) in bawdry. We are much mistaken if this be no fair account of whole pages in Shakespeare wherein some silly serving-man or serving-woman rings changes upon 'muttons' or 'stewed prunes'—'crosses' or 'prick-song.'

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear....

But that is no reason against *our* separating what is cheap, or even detestable, from what is most dear, and rejecting it. Even when the chop-logic is innocent, as it is in the first Act of *As You Like It*, or merely silly, as it usually is when the Clown in *All's Well* opens his mouth, it belongs to a fashion; and if we are bored by it, we advance the business of criticism by announcing the stuff for rubbish.

There is not a little of this rubbish in the earlier scenes of *Much Ado*. But when we have sifted it out and made allowance that Benedick and Beatrice are both fencing in a *mode*, the revelation of their true hearts, each to each, when the crowd has left the chapel, has an effect the more startling because it breaks and shines through this artificiality. Beatrice has shone through it already, in promise. 'You were born in a merry hour,' says Prince Pedro.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried—but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born

—born to 'keep on the windy side of care,' she says, 'born to speak all mirth and no matter.' When it comes to the test, there is matter enough in her.

X

As for Benedick, in the preliminary war of words he is always and inevitably put down. But we cannot blame him, save for accepting the challenge; since 'a man is never more a fool than when he enters into a wit-duel with a brilliant woman.' But he proves himself true and solid when he comes to the test; and it is, after all, the residuum of honest stupidity in a good man on which such women as Beatrice may rely to be defeated. He has, moreover, wit enough for his business of 'playing up' to Beatrice—enough, and a little to spare. She knows very well that she is not 'enamoured of an ass.'

Once on a time one of the present editors helped to organise a congregation of children to witness a performance of *Much Ado* in which Mr Matheson Lang enacted Benedick. On the return journey, at a junction where the children had to be shepherded into trains, one girl stood on the platform as in a trance saying aloud, 'Only to think that a man can be so splendid!' And this is reported for the very reason that some readers will find it trivial: since, when all is said and we editors have done with our solemnities, the best of Shakespeare remains a something that a child can read—'a lesson,' in Lamb's phrase, 'of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions.'

XI

But this Comedy, so often dismissed with a recognition of its acting value (which nobody can deny) and a discussion of the 'merry war' between Beatrice and Benedick, has a quality of its own which critic after critic has failed to detect as its supreme quality; being thrown off the scent, may be, by the intrusion of Dogberry and his Watch, who slouch across the hunt 'as

unconcernedly as though Messina were in the heart of their own Warwickshire.' Actually it is the most Italianate play in the canon, and actually the closest to the spirit of the Renaissance. Nay, that spirit—so peculiar in essence and so volatile—permeates the whole piece and exhales from it. The characters can all speak 'by the book.'

They are all great readers. Even the women have probably studied Plato with Roger Ascham. Beatrice at any rate has read the Hundred Merry Tales (2. 1.). The men are choke-full of the classic lore of the new time, a time

Sentant encore le lait dont elle fut nourrie.

Benedick talks glibly of Leander and Troilus (5. 2.), and writes verse—bad verse, as a scholar-soldier should—'a halting sonnet of his own pure brain' (5. 4.). Claudio is a bard. Part of his penance, if you please, for killing a poor lady is to 'hang her an epitaph upon her tomb and sing it to her bones' (5. 1.).

We quote from a short critique written by Mr A. B. Walkley on the *Lyceum* performance of 1891[1]; to our mind the shrewdest brief summary written on *Much Ado* in a generation. Mr Walkley, who has already spoken of the superabundant life, the *joie de vivre*, in this play, adds:

But life and letters do not sum up the Renaissance; they must be completed by a touch of the lurid—Benvenuto Cellini must cut Pompeo's throat as well as carve in silver—and so we get our third impression. This is an impression of sombre melodrama, Italian treachery, the intrusion of Mephistopheles into the *Kermesse*, which the dramatist has provided for us in the intrigue of Don John and Borachio. ...Can I register a fourth impression? Yes; in the strange manner of Claudio's wooing—behind a mask and in the person of his prince—I like to fancy a premonition of the theatre of Hugo and Musset. And when Claudio consents to wed a veiled lady whom he has never seen, he is the

[1] *Playhouse Impressions*, by A. B. Walkley, 1892.

direct ancestor of Don César de Bazan. Thus here are the Elizabethan and the Romantic epoch brought together. One might go on to a fifthly or a fifteenthly—all merging at last into one composite picture of the multifarious, seething, fermenting life, the polychromatic phantasmagoria of the Renaissance. Like some quaint book of the time, with a quaint title, some *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, or like some vast crowded canvas of the time—the great marriage-piece, say, of Veronese in the Salon Carré of the Louvre—*Much Ado about Nothing* is an Inn of Strange Meetings.

But the first, the capital, impression is of super-abundant life and the will to do what we choose in our 'May of youth and bloom of lustihood.' There are no topers, no wenchers in this play; no Lucios, Belches, Falstaffs; no one 'run to seed.' We are all young: like Beatrice, every Jill and Jack of us 'hath legs' (5. 2.) and will fling 'em. Critics who write of Marlowe talk of Renaissance *virtù* and prove to us that Marlowe wrote on a theory. Well, here we get the careless, sunny side of *virtù*, presented the more convincingly because theory has nothing to do with it. The characters—the men and women 'doing things' (as Aristotle would say)—just do them because they are people of that sort. Their motto is that of the Abbey of Thelema—*Fay ce que vouldras*: and this, after all, may be the sufficient, Renaissance, excuse for Don John. Like Gloucester he is

determinéd to prove a villain

—and why not, when the others are doing as they choose? If they choose 'to be good Pantagruelists—that is to say, to live in Peace, Joy, Health, always making merry,' Don John has a natural and equal right (in Comedy at any rate, and as a foil, and because they leave him out of their company) to join the crew from which they are warned to be averse; of men who actually though not in Rabelais' literal sense, 'always peep through a hole.'

XII

In our Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we commented on Shakespeare's habit of repeating himself; of using again and again, in play after play, any stage device that he had tried and found successful or, if unsuccessful, at any rate worth another attempt; and of managing this with an infinite variety which no custom can stale for us. Rather, when some one points it out here or there, will any true Shakespearian smile and wonder at the art which has tricked him and kept him unaware. For this economy of invention indicates no imaginative poverty, but a teeming wealth, and is of a piece with Shakespeare's genius for borrowing his plots from anywhere and everywhere. 'Give me an Italian *novella*,' he says, 'or a page or two of Plutarch, or of Holinshed, or a pamphlet on a Virginia voyage, and I'll make you a *Much Ado*, an *Antony and Cleopatra*, a *Macbeth*, a *Tempest*, whichever you will, to your esteemed command. Or, if your Majesty insist, Falstaff shall be delivered in love within this fortnight.... Give me a shipwreck, or a damsel in male attire, or a stolen ring, and you shall have diversities of entertainment to make you stare.'

So, as Furnivall pointed out[1], *Much Ado* is full of echoes, and starts other plays echoing, even in phrases. Dogberry and Dame Quickly might be husband and wife to help each other in their 'nice derangement of epitaphs'; Dogberry's Watchmen are Bottom's fellow-amateurs acting 'in another capacity'; Friar Francis is brother to Friar Laurence of *Romeo and Juliet*, and gives very similar advice; old Leonato grieves like old Capulet—and so on: while for trick of speech we match Benedick's

> I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's—

[1] *The Leopold Shakespeare*, 1877, p. lv.

with Hamlet's conclusion upon Polonius:

Polonius. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.
Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.
Hamlet. Or like a whale?
Polonius. Very like a whale.
Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by.

But we must hark back a page or two and say a word on the ancestry of Benedick and Beatrice in Berowne and Rosaline. For here we have an instance of Shakespeare's borrowing from his own purse so obvious that it conceals, under obviousness, the real sleight.

The most of us, caught at unawares with a query, would assert off-hand and with conviction, that we find Shakespeare's heroines charming because he makes them so individual to us, so vividly different: that all are stars, but particular stars, differing by character as by magnitude. And so he does: yet on second thoughts we must allow them a family likeness, indefinable, haunting us as family likenesses do in real life: so that Shakespeare's women—be it a Beatrice, a Rosalind, an Imogen, or even a Lady Macbeth—differ somehow, one and all, from the women of other Elizabethan playwrights and carry a common stamp of paternity.

Rosaline shades into Beatrice, Beatrice into Rosalind, into Portia, and so on into Imogen: Cressida into Cleopatra; Perdita into Marina, Miranda. We feel that the same brain begat them; that, as Donne says:

> Twice or thrice had I loved thee
> Before I knew thy face or name;
> So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame
> Angels affect us oft and worshipped be.

Or shall we cite Shakespeare himself, supposing him to follow this idea of his through many inventions, many avatars, all alike 'interest of the dead'?—

> Thy bosom is endearéd with all hearts,
> Which I by lacking have supposéd dead,
> And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts,
> And all those friends which I thought buriéd.
> How many a holy and obsequious tear
> Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
> As interest of the dead, which now appear
> But things removed that hidden in there lie.
> *Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,*
> *Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,*
> *Who all their parts of me to thee did give;*
> That due of many, now is thine alone:
> Their images I loved I view in thee,
> And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

We hope that it is not entirely fanciful to claim Beatrice for a creature, and one of the best-embodied, of the many through whom Shakespeare chased his mirage. We may, if we choose, see him chasing it thus through his long gallery of portraiture

> Still clutching the inviolable shade,

but the portraits step out of their frames behind him, flesh and blood, created to consent and be merry mothers of children.

Q.

TO THE READER

The following is a brief description of the punctuation and other typographical devices employed in the text, which have been more fully explained in the *Note on Punctuation* and the *Textual Introduction* to be found in *The Tempest* volume:

An obelisk (†) implies corruption or emendation, and suggests a reference to the Notes.

A single bracket at the beginning of a speech signifies an 'aside.'

Four dots represent a *full-stop* in the original, except when it occurs at the end of a speech, and they mark a long pause. Original *colons* or *semicolons*, which denote a somewhat shorter pause, are retained, or represented as three dots when they appear to possess special dramatic significance. Similarly, significant *commas* have been given as dashes.

Round brackets are taken from the original, and mark a significant change of voice; when the original brackets seem to imply little more than the drop in tone accompanying parenthesis, they are conveyed by commas or dashes.

In plays for which both Folio and Quarto texts exist, passages taken from the text not selected as the basis for the present edition will be enclosed within square brackets. Square brackets preceded by an obelisk denote lines which Shakespeare apparently intended to delete, though they got into print through inadvertence.

Single inverted commas (' ') are editorial; double ones (" ") derive from the original, where they are used to draw attention to maxims, quotations, etc.

The reference number for the first line is given at the head of each page. Numerals in square brackets are placed at the beginning of the traditional acts and scenes.

Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Andrew Wiſe, and
William Aſpley.
1600.

The scene: Messina

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon*
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of Florence*
BENEDICK, *a young lord of Padua*
LEONATO, *governor of Messina*
ANTONIO, *an old man, his brother*
BALTHAZAR, *a singer in the service of Don Pedro*
BORACHIO, CONRADE } *followers of Don John*
A Messenger
FRIAR FRANCIS
DOGBERRY, *a constable*
VERGES, *a headborough*
First Watchman
Second Watchman
A Sexton
A Boy
A Lord
HERO, *daughter to Leonato*
BEATRICE, *niece to Leonato*
MARGARET, URSULA } *waiting-gentlewomen to Hero*

Antonio's son, musicians, watchmen, attendants, etc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[1. 1.] *An orchard, adjoining the house of Leonato; at one side a covered alley of thick-pleached fruit-trees; at the back an arbour overgrown with honeysuckle*

'*Leonato, governor of Messina, Hero, his daughter, and Beatrice, his niece, with a messenger*'

Leonato. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Messenger. He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leonato. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Messenger. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leonato. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers...I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Messenger. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leonato. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Messenger. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him—even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leonato. Did he break out into tears?

Messenger. In great measure.

Leonato. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beatrice. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

Messenger. I know none of that name, lady. There was none such in the army of any sort.

Leonato. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Messenger. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatrice. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight, and my uncle's fool reading the challenge subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the birdbolt...I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leonato. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much—but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it. He is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Messenger. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatrice. And a good soldier to a lady, but what is he to a lord?

Messenger. A lord to a lord, a man to a man—stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beatrice. It is so, indeed. He is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

Leonato. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beatrice. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one—so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Messenger. Is't possible?

Beatrice. Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Messenger. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beatrice. No, an he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Messenger. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beatrice. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease —he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio. If he have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

Messenger. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beatrice. Do, good friend.

Leonato. You will never run mad, niece.

Beatrice. No, not till a hot January.

Messenger. Don Pedro is approached.

'Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar and John the Bastard' enter the orchard

Don Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leonato. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace. For trouble being gone, comfort should remain: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

Don Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly... I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Benedick. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no—for then were you a child.

Don Pedro. You have it full, Benedick—we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself...Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father. [*he talks apart with Hero and Leonato*

Benedick. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beatrice. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick—nobody marks you.

Benedick. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beatrice. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Benedick. Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beatrice. A dear happiness to women – they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Benedick. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beatrice. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Benedick. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beatrice. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Benedick. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way a God's name—I have done.

Beatrice. You always end with a jade's trick. I know you of old.

Don Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. [*he turns*] Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leonato. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*to Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord—being reconciled to the prince your brother... [*bows*] I owe you all duty.

Don John. I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato. Please it your grace lead on?

Don Pedro. Your hand, Leonato—we will go together.

[*all depart save Benedick and Claudio*

Claudio. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Benedick. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest young lady?

Benedick. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claudio. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Benedick. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise—only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claudio. Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Benedick. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Benedick. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claudio. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Benedick. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December...But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claudio. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Benedick. Is't come to this? In faith hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to i'faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays...

Don Pedro re-enters the orchard

Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Don Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Benedick. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

Don Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Benedick. You hear, Count Claudio. I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so—but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance! He is in love—with who? now that is your grace's part....Mark, how short his answer is—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Benedick. Like the old tale, my lord—'it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Don Pedro. Amen, if you love her—for the lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Don Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Benedick. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feel.

Don Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Benedick. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me—I will die in it at the stake.

Don Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claudio. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Benedick. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me...Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the fine is—for the which I may go the finer—I will live a bachelor.

Don Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Benedick. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord—not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Don Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Benedick. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.

Don Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Benedick. The savage bull may—but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead. And let me be vilely painted—and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign, 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claudio. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

Don Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Benedick. I look for an earthquake too then.

Don Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper—for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Benedick. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you—

Claudio. To the tuition of God: from my house if I had it—

Don Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Benedick. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither. Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience—and so I leave you. [*he goes*

Claudio. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Don Pedro. My love is thine to teach. Teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claudio. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Don Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claudio. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant...in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.
Don Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her...Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?
Claudio. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.
Don Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night—
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break—
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*they leave the orchard*

[1.2.] *The hall of Leonato's house; three doors, one in the centre leading to the great chamber; above it a gallery with doors at the back. Servants preparing the room for a dance;* ANTONIO *directing them*

Enter LEONATO *in haste*

Leonato. How now brother, where is my cousin your son? Hath he provided this music?

Antonio. He is very busy about it. But brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leonato. Are they good?

Antonio. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover...they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leonato. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Antonio. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leonato. No, no, we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true...Go you and tell her of it... [*Antonio goes out at one door; his son enters at another, followed by a musician*] Cousin, you know what you have to do [*seeing the musician*] O, I cry you mercy friend, go you with me and I will use your skill... Good cousin have a care this busy time.

[*he goes out with the musician; after a brief space Antonio's son and the servants depart likewise*

[1.3.] *A door opens in the gallery: Don John and Conrade come forth*

Conrade. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

Don John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conrade. You should hear reason.

Don John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Conrade. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

Don John. I wonder that thou—being as thou say'st thou art born under Saturn—goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief...I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conrade. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

Don John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog—therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage...If I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conrade. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Don John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Borachio enters the gallery

What news, Borachio?

Borachio. I came yonder from a great supper. The prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Don John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Borachio. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

Don John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Borachio. Even he.

Don John. A proper squire! and who, and who, which way looks he?

Borachio. Marry, on Hero the daughter and heir of Leonato.

Don John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Borachio. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

Don John. Come, come, let us thither—this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Conrade. To the death, my lord.

Don John. Let us to the great supper—their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind. Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Borachio. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*they leave the gallery*

[2.1.] *The door of the great chamber opens;* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others of Leonato's household come forth*

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Antonio. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that gentleman looks. I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick. The one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leonato. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—

Beatrice. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world if a' could get her good will.

Leonato. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Antonio. In faith, she's too curst.

Beatrice. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns'—but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leonato. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beatrice. Just, if he send me no husband—for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening...Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face—I had rather lie in the woollen!

Leonato. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell.

Leonato. Well then, go you into hell?

Beatrice. No—but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven—here's no place for you maids.' So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Antonio [*to Hero*]. Well niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please you'...but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leonato. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettle than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leonato. Daughter, remember what I told you. If the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so

dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leonato. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye, uncle—I can see a church by daylight.

Leonato. The revellers are ent'ring, brother. Make good room.

[*Antonio gives orders to the servants and goes out*

Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Don John, Borachio and others of Don Pedro's party enter masked, with a drummer before them; Antonio returns later, also masked. Musicians enter the gallery and prepare to play; the couples take their places for a round dance

Don Pedro [*leading Hero forth*]. Lady, will you walk a bout with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk—and especially when I walk away.

Don Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Don Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the lute should be like the case!

Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof—within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

Don Pedro. Speak low if you speak love.

[*they pass on round the room*

†*Borachio.* Well, I would you did like me.

Margaret. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Borachio. Which is one?

Margaret. I say my prayers aloud.

Borachio. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Margaret. God match me with a good dancer.

Borachio. Amen.

Margaret. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done: answer, clerk.

Borachio. No more words –the clerk is answered.

[*they pass on round the room*

Ursula. I know you well enough—you are Signior Antonio.

Antonio. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Antonio. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Ursula. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down—you are he, you are he.

Antonio. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he. Graces will appear, and there's an end. [*they pass on round the room*

Beatrice. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Benedick. No, you shall pardon me.

Beatrice. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Benedick. Not now.

Beatrice. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales'...Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Benedick. What's he?

Beatrice. I am sure you know him well enough.

Benedick. Not I, believe me.

Beatrice. Did he never make you laugh?

Benedick. I pray you, what is he?

Beatrice. Why, he is the prince's jester, a very dull fool only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him... [*surveying the company*] I am sure he is in the fleet—I would he had boarded me.

Benedick. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beatrice. Do, do. He'll but break a comparison or two on me, which peradventure, not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy -and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night...We must follow the leaders.

Benedick. In every good thing.

Beatrice. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

The musicians strike up, and the couples break into a lively dance; at the end thereof DON PEDRO *beckons to* LEONATO *and they go forth together. The door of the great chamber is thrown open;* HERO *leads the couples to the banquet,* DON JOHN, BORACHIO *and* CLAUDIO *remaining behind*

Don John [*aloud*]. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it...The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borachio. And that is Claudio. I know him by his bearing.

Don John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claudio. You know me well—I am he.

Don John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love. He is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

Don John. I heard him swear his affection.

Borachio. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to-night.

Don John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*he goes within, followed by Borachio*

Claudio. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio...
'Tis certain so—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues....
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not...Farewell, therefore, Hero.

Benedick, unmasked, comes from the great chamber to seek for Claudio

Benedick. Count Claudio?

Claudio. Yea, the same.

Benedick. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Benedick. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county...What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio. I wish him joy of her.

Benedick. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover—so they sell bullocks: but did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leave me.

Benedick. Ho, now you strike like the blind man. 'Twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claudio. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*he goes out*

Benedick. Alas, poor hurt fowl—now will he creep into sedges...But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me...The prince's fool! ha, it may be I go under that title because I am merry: yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed—it is the base, †the bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out...Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Don Pedro returns with Leonato and Hero; Leonato and Hero talk apart

Don Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Benedick. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady—and I off'red him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Don Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Benedick. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's-nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Don Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Benedick. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too—for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's-nest.

Don Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Benedick. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Don Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you. The gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Benedick. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her...She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw—huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me...She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star... I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too...Come, talk not of her. You shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel—I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary—and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Claudio and Beatrice enter, talking together

Don Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Benedick. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any embassage to the Pigmies—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Don Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Benedick. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not—I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*he goes within*

Don Pedro. Come, lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beatrice [*comes forward*]. Indeed my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it—a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Don Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beatrice. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools...I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Don Pedro. Why, how now count, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad, my lord.

Don Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claudio. Neither, my lord.

Beatrice. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil count—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Don Pedro. I'faith lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false...Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name and fair Hero is won, I have broke with her father and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leonato [*leads Hero forward*]. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beatrice. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy -I were but little happy, if I could say how much! Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beatrice. Speak cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Don Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatrice. Yea, my lord, I thank it—poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claudio. And so she doth, cousin.

Beatrice. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt. I may sit in a corner and cry 'heigh-ho for a husband.'

Don Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands if a maid could come by them.

Don Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beatrice. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days—your grace is too costly to wear every day...But I beseech your grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Don Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you, for out o' question you were born in a merry hour.

Beatrice. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried—but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leonato. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beatrice. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*she bows and goes out*

Don Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leonato. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not even sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

Don Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no means—she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Don Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Don Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claudio. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leonato. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night—and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Don Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing—but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection

th'one with th'other. I would fain have it a match—and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leonato. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claudio. And I, my lord.

Don Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Don Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him—he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. [*to Hero*] I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick. [*to Leonato and Claudio*] And I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice...If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours—for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*they go within, Hero on the arm of Claudio*

[2.2.] *Don John and Borachio, coming from the banquet, meet them in the door*

Don John. It is so—the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio. Yea my lord, but I can cross it.

Don John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borachio. Not honestly, my lord—but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Don John. Show me briefly how.

Borachio. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

Don John. I remember.

Borachio. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

Don John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Borachio. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

Don John. What proof shall I make of that?

Borachio. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

Don John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Borachio. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus... They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio—and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding. For in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seem-

ing truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Don John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice...Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borachio. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Don John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*they go*

[2.3.] *The orchard, adjoining the house of Leonato*

Benedick enters the orchard, musing; he yawns

Benedick [*calls*]. Boy! [*a boy runs up*

Boy. Signior.

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Benedick. I know that—but I would have thee hence, and here again.... [*the boy departs; Benedick sits*] I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet: he was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose (like an honest man and a soldier) and now is he turned orthography—his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so

many strange dishes...May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell—I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool...One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace... Rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none: virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her: mild, or come not near me: noble, or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. [*voices heard*] Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*he does so*

Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio approach, followed by Balthazar with a lute; Claudio stands beside the arbour and peeps through the honeysuckle

Don Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Claudio. Yea, my good lord...How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!
(*Don Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?
(*Claudio.* O very well, my lord: the music ended,
†We'll fit the hid-fox with a pennyworth.
Don Pedro. Come Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.
Balthazar. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
Don Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.
Balthazar. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing—
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

Don Pedro. Nay, pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balthazar. Note this before my notes—
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Don Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks—
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!

[*Balthazar begins to play*

Benedick. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Don Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balthazar. And an ill singer, my lord.

Don Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith—thou sing'st well enough for a shift. [*he talks apart with Claudio and Leonato*

(*Benedick.* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him. And I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief—I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Don Pedro. Yea, marry. [*turns*] Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent music: for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balthazar. The best I can, my lord.

Don Pedro. Do so, farewell.... [*Balthazar goes* Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Benedick crouches close to the side of the arbour that he may hear the better

(*Claudio* [*peeping*]. O ay, stalk on, stalk on—the fowl sits.... [*aloud*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leonato. No, nor I neither—but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

(*Benedick.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leonato. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection. It is past the infinite of thought.

Don Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claudio. Faith, like enough.

Leonato. O God! counterfeit? There was never coun-

terfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Don Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

(*Claudio* [*peeps again*]. Bait the hook well—this fish will bite.

Leonato. What effects, my lord! She will sit you—[*to Claudio*] You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claudio. She did, indeed.

Don Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You amaze me. I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leonato. I would have sworn it had, my lord—especially against Benedick.

(*Benedick.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

(*Claudio.* He hath ta'en th'infection—hold it up.

Don Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and swears she never will. That's her torment.

Claudio. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leonato. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claudio. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leonato. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found 'Benedick' and 'Beatrice' between the sheet?

Claudio. That.

Leonato. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, railed at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me—yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claudio. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leonato. She doth indeed—my daughter says so. And the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

Don Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claudio. To what end? he would make but a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Don Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and—out of all suspicion—she is virtuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Don Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leonato. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Don Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me. I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself...I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leonato. Were it good, think you?

Claudio. Hero thinks surely she will die—for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her

rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Don Pedro. She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it—for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Don Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claudio. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

Don Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claudio. And I take him to be valiant.

Don Pedro. As Hector, I assure you. And in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leonato. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Don Pedro. And so will he do—for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make...Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claudio. Never tell him, my lord. Let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leonato. Nay, that's impossible—she may wear her heart out first.

Don Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leonato. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

[*they draw away from the arbour*

(*Claudio.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

(*Don Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her—and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry...The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter. That's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show...Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

They depart; Benedick comes from the arbour

Benedick. This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady...It seems her affections have their full bent...Love me! why, it must be requited...I hear how I am censured—they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection ...I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending...They say the lady is fair—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.... Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No—the world must be peopled....When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

Beatrice approaches

Here comes Beatrice...By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

Beatrice. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benedick. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come.

Benedick. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beatrice. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal...You have no stomach, signior—fare you well. [*she goes*

Benedick. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner': there's a double meaning in that... 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks...If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*he departs in haste*

A day passes

[3.1.] *The orchard; HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA enter the alley of fruit-trees*

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursley
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleachéd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter...like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office—
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Margaret. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*she leaves them*
Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay...

Beatrice approaches, and stealing behind the walls of the alley, enters the arbour Now begin;
For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
Ursula. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
Is couchéd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it...
[*they draw nigh the arbour*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful—
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Ursula. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothéd lord.
Ursula. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it.
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Ursula. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
†Deserve at full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Ursula. Sure, I think so.
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why a block movéd with none....
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Ursula. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, nor to be so odd and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air—O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Ursula. Yet tell her of it, hear what she will say.
Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Ursula. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Ursula. I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Ursula. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it...
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day to-morrow! Come, go in.
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
(*Ursula.* She's limed I warrant you—we have caught her, madam.
(*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*they go*

BEATRICE comes from the arbour

Beatrice. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such....
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*she goes*

[3.2.] *The parlour in Leonato's house*

DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK (very spruce), and LEONATO

Don Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Don Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company—for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper—for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Benedick. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leonato. So say I. Methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in love.

Don Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Benedick. I have the toothache.

Don Pedro. Draw it.

Benedick. Hang it!

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Don Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leonato. Where is but a humour or a worm?

Benedick. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in love.

Don Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises—as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet... Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. A' brushes his hat a mornings—what should that bode?

Don Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claudio. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leonato. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Don Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet—can you smell him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

Don Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Don Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is †new-crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

Don Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him... conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claudio. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Don Pedro. That would I know too. I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions -and in despite of all, dies for him.

Don Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Benedick. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me. I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Benedick and Leonato go out*

Don Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claudio. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Don John enters

Don John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Don Pedro. Good-den, brother.

Don John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Don Pedro. In private?

Don John. If it please you—yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

†*Claudio.* What's the matter?

Don John. Means your lordship to be married tomorrow?

Don Pedro. You know he does.

Don John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Don John. You may think I love you not—let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Don Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

Don John. I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shortened—for she has been too long a talking of—the lady is disloyal.

Claudio. Who, Hero?

Don John. Even she—Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claudio. Disloyal?

Don John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse. Think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it...Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her... but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claudio. May this be so?

Don Pedro. I will not think it.

Don John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough, and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claudio. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Don Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Don John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Don Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claudio. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Don John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*they go*

[3.3.] *A street in Messina; on one side the door of Leonato's house, in the centre the porch of a church, having a bench within it: midnight; rain and wind*

The Watch, armed with bills, stand a-row before the porch; Master Constable DOGBERRY, *bearing a lantern, and* VERGES, *the Headborough, survey them*

Dogberry. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogberry. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

1 *Watchman.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogberry. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal....God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watchman.* Both which, Master Constable,—

Dogberry. You have: I knew it would be your answer...

Well, for your favour, sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it -and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern [*he gives it to him*] ...This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watchman.* How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects...You shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watchman.* We will rather sleep than talk—we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen... Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watchman.* How if they will not?

Dogberry. Why then, let them alone till they are sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watchman.* Well, sir.

Dogberry. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watchman.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 *Watchman.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dogberry. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying -for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dogberry. This is the end of the charge...You, constable, are to present the prince's own person—if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dogberry. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him—marry, not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night. An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour. [*they walk away*

2 *Watchman.* Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let

us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed. [*they all enter the porch and prepare to sleep*

Dogberry [*turns*]. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Dogberry and Verges go*

The door of Leonato's house opens and BORACHIO *staggers forth, followed after a short space by* CONRADE

Borachio [*stops*]. What, Conrade!

(2 *Watchman.* Peace, stir not.

Borachio. Conrade, I say!

Conrade. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Borachio. Mass, and my elbow itched—I thought there would a scab follow.

Conrade. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Borachio. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee. [*they stand beneath the eaves of the porch*

(2 *Watchman.* Some treason, masters—yet stand close.

Borachio. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conrade. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Borachio. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich, for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conrade. I wonder at it.

Borachio. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conrade. Yes, it is apparel.

Borachio. I mean the fashion.

Conrade. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Borachio. Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

(2 Watchman. I know that Deformed, a' has been a vile thief this seven year, a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Borachio. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Conrade. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Borachio. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conrade. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man....But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Borachio. Not so neither. But know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero. She leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night ...I tell this tale vilely—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conrade. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Borachio. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio. But the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret—and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by

the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

[*the watchmen sally forth*

2 *Watchman.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

1 *Watchman.* Call up the right Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

2 *Watchman.* And one Deformed is one of them—I know him, a' wears a lock.

Conrade. Masters, masters.

2 *Watchman.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conrade. Masters—

1 *Watchman.* Never speak, we charge you. Let us obey you to go with us.

Borachio. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Conrade. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*the watchmen hale them away*

[3.4.] *A room opening into Hero's bed-chamber*

HERO, *before a mirror,* MARGARET, *and* URSULA

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Ursula. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursula. Well. [*she goes out*

Margaret. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee good Meg, I'll wear this.

Margaret. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Margaret. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion i'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so—

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Margaret. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours—cloth o' gold and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel—but for a fine quaint graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Margaret. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Margaret. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband': an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking—I'll offend nobody—is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? none I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy—ask my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Beatrice enters

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beatrice. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatrice. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Margaret. Clap's into 'Light o' love'—that goes without a burden—do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beatrice. Yea, light o' love with your heels—then if your husband have stables enough you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Margaret. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beatrice. 'Tis almost five o'clock cousin, 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

Margaret. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Margaret. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beatrice. What means the fool, trow?

Margaret. Nothing I—but God send every one their heart's desire.

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beatrice. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Margaret. A maid and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beatrice. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you professed apprehension?

Margaret. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beatrice. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth I am sick.

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart—it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus, why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning -I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love—nay by'r lady I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging—and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beatrice. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Margaret. Not a false gallop.

Ursula returns in haste

Ursula. Madam, withdraw. The prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*they hasten to the bed-chamber*

[3.5.] *The hall in Leonato's house*

Leonato, Dogberry and Verges

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogberry. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leonato. Brief I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogberry. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verges. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Dogberry. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter—an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help I would desire they were, but in faith honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verges. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogberry. Comparisons are odorous—palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leonato. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogberry. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers. But truly for mine own part if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leonato. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dogberry. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verges. And so am I.

Leonato. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verges. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogberry. A good old man, sir, he will be talking—as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out.' God help us, it is a world to see...Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges. Well, God's a good man—an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul i'faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but—God is to be worshipped—all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour.

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogberry. Gifts that God gives.

Leonato. I must leave you.

Dogberry. One word, sir—our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leonato. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogberry. It shall be suffigance.

Leonato. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

[*he meets a messenger at the door*

Messenger. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leonato. I'll wait upon them—I am ready.

[*Leonato and the messenger go out*

Dogberry. Go good partner, go get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely.

Dogberry. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you: here's that [*touches his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a 'non-come.' Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*they depart*

[4.1.] *Before the altar of a church*

Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be brief—only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claudio. No.

Leonato. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claudio. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leonato. I dare make his answer, 'none.'

Claudio. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Benedick. How now! interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as 'ah! ha! he!'

Claudio. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave—
Will you with free and unconstrainéd soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leonato. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claudio. And what have I to give you back
whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Don Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio. Sweet prince, you learn me noble
thankfulness...
There Leonato, take her back again,
Give not this rotten orange to your friend,
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour...
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leonato. What do you mean my lord?
Claudio. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvéd wanton.
Leonato. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity—
Claudio. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you?
Claudio. †Out on the seeming, I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamp'red animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?
Leonato. Sweet prince, why speak not you?
Don Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonoured that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leonato. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
(*Benedick.* This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. 'True,' O God!
Claudio. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
Leonato. All this is so, but what of this my lord?
Claudio. Let me but move one question to
your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leonato. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me how am I beset!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claudio. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claudio. Marry, that can Hero—
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue....
What man was he talked with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talked with no man at that hour my lord.
Don Pedro. Why then are you no maiden....Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window—
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
Don John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of.
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them...Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claudio. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed

†About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair—farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity.
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leonato. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons*

Beatrice. Why, how now cousin, wherefore sink you down?

Don John. Come let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio leave the church*

Benedick. How doth the lady?

Beatrice. Dead I think—help uncle—
Hero—why Hero—uncle—Signior Benedick—Friar!

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wished for.

Beatrice. How now cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort lady.

Leonato. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leonato. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on the rearward of reproaches
Strike at thy life....Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee...Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirchéd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her—why she, O she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.

Benedick. Sir, sir, be patient. For my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beatrice. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Benedick. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beatrice. No, truly, not—although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leonato. Confirmed, confirmed—O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears! Hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little—
†[For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,]
By noting of the lady, I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes,

And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth...Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Leonato. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury—she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature—
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Benedick. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
Leonato. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her—if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it....
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead,
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed,
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leonato. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Friar. Marry, this well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse—that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours—so will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life

Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed: then shall he mourn—
If ever love had interest in his liver—
And wish he had not so accuséd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true...
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood....
But if all aim but this be levelled false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy....
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her—
As best befits her wounded reputation—
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Benedick. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you,
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.
Leonato. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Friar. 'Tis well consented—presently away—
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come lady, die to live -this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged—have patience and endure.
[*the Friar, Hero, and Leonato depart*
Benedick. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beatrice. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Benedick. I will not desire that.
Beatrice. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Benedick. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beatrice. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Benedick. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beatrice. A very even way, but no such friend.

Benedick. May a man do it?

Beatrice. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Benedick. I do love nothing in the world so well as you—is not that strange?

Beatrice. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you—but believe me not—and yet I lie not—I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing—I am sorry for my cousin.

Benedick. By my sword Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beatrice. Do not swear and eat it.

Benedick. I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beatrice. Will you not eat your word?

Benedick. With no sauce that can be devised to it—I protest I love thee.

Beatrice. Why then God forgive me—

Benedick. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beatrice. You have stayed me in a happy hour, I was about to protest I loved you.

Benedick. And do it with all thy heart.

Beatrice. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Benedick. Come bid me do any thing for thee.

Beatrice. Kill Claudio.

Benedick. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beatrice. You kill me to deny it—farewell.

Benedick. Tarry sweet Beatrice. [*he stays her*

Beatrice. I am gone, though I am here—there is no love in you—nay I pray you let me go.

Benedick. Beatrice—

Beatrice. In faith I will go.

Benedick. We'll be friends first.

Beatrice. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Benedick. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beatrice. Is a' not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Benedick. Hear me Beatrice,—

Beatrice. Talk with a man out at a window—a proper saying!

Benedick. Nay but Beatrice,—

Beatrice. Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is slandred, she is undone.

Benedick. Beat—

Beatrice. Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect—a sweet gallant surely. O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it...I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Benedick. Tarry good Beatrice—by this hand I love thee.

Beatrice. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Benedick. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beatrice. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Benedick. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you... [*he takes her hand*] By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account... [*he kisses it*] As you hear of me, so think of me...Go comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead—and so farewell.

[*he departs; Beatrice follows slowly after*

[4.2.] *A room in a gaol*

Dogberry and Verges in their robes of office, the Sexton in his clerk's gown, and the Watch guarding Conrade and Borachio

Dogberry. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verges. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

[*they are brought*

Sexton [*sits*]. Which be the malefactors?

Dogberry. Marry, that am I, and my partner.

Verges. Nay, that's certain. We have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable.

Dogberry. Yea marry, let them come before me.

[*Borachio and Conrade are led forward*

What is your name, friend?

Borachio. Borachio.

Dogberry. Pray write down 'Borachio'....Yours, sirrah? [*the Sexton writes as Dogberry directs*

Conrade. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogberry. Write down 'Master Gentleman Conrade' ...Masters, do you serve God?

Conrade, Borachio. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogberry. Write down that they hope they serve God: and write 'God' first, for God defend but God should go before such villains...Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conrade. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogberry. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you—but I will go about with him...Come you hither sirrah—a word in your ear. Sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogberry. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale...Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogberry. Yea marry, that's the eftest way, let the watch come forth...Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

1 *Watchman.* This man said, sir, that Don John the prince's brother was a villain.

Dogberry. Write down 'Prince John a villain'...Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio. Master Constable—

Dogberry. Pray thee fellow peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watchman.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogberry. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verges. Yea by mass that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

1 *Watchman*. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogberry. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watchmen. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died... Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examination.

[*he goes out*

Dogberry. Come, let them be opinioned.

†*Verges*. Let them be—in the hands.

[*he offers to bind Conrade*

Conrade. Off, coxcomb!

Dogberry. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer 'coxcomb'... Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Conrade. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

[*the Watch bind them*

Dogberry. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass—though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass... No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and which is more—an officer, and which is more—a householder, and which is more—as pretty a piece of

flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him...Bring him away...O that I had been writ down an ass!

[*he struts forth; the rest follow*

[5.1.] *The street before the house of Leonato*

Leonato and Antonio appear, walking towards the house

Antonio. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leonato. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine....
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
†And—sorry wag—cry 'hem' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters...bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience...
But there is no such man—for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no—'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself...Therefore give me no counsel.
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Antonio. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace. I will be flesh and blood—
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a 'push' at chance and sufferance.

Antonio. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself,
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leonato. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied—
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Don Pedro and Claudio approach

Antonio. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Don Pedro. Good-den, good-den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

[*they pass by*

Leonato. Hear you, my lords,—

Don Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leonato. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well my lord.
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Don Pedro [*turns*]. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man.
Antonio. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claudio. Who wrongs him?
Leonato. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou
dissembler, thou...
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claudio. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leonato. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.
Claudio. My villainy!
Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I say.
Don Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leonato. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare—
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claudio. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leonato. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed
my child—
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Antonio. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed—
But that's no matter, let him kill one first...
[*he comes between them, and draws his sword*
Win me and wear me! Let him answer me.
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence—
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leonato. Brother—
Antonio. Content yourself, God knows I loved
my niece,
And she is dead, slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
Leonato. Brother Antony—
Antonio. Hold you content. What, man! I know
them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.
Leonato. But brother Antony—
Antonio. Come, 'tis no matter—
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.
Don Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:

But on my honour she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leonato. My lord, my lord,—

Don Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leonato. No?

Come brother, away. †[I will be heard.

†*Antonio.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.]

[*Leonato and Antonio enter the house*

Benedick comes up

Don Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claudio. Now signior, what news?

Benedick. Good day, my lord.

Don Pedro. Welcome, signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claudio. We had liked to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

Don Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Benedick. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claudio. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Benedick. It is in my scabbard –shall I draw it?

Don Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claudio. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels—draw to pleasure us.

Don Pedro. As I am an honest man he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claudio. What, courage, man: what though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Benedick. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claudio. Nay then, give him another staff—this last was broke cross.

Don Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claudio. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Benedick. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claudio. God bless me from a challenge!

(*Benedick.* You are a villain—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will protest your cowardice: you have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. [*aloud*] Let me hear from you.

Claudio. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Don Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claudio. I'faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Benedick. Sir, your wit ambles well—it goes easily.

Don Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day...I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one': 'No,' said I, 'a great wit': 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one': 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit': 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody': 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise': 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman': 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues': 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning—there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.' Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues

yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy.

Claudio. For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

Don Pedro. Yea, that she did –but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claudio. All, all –and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Don Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claudio. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

Benedick. Fare you well, boy –you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour. You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not...My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company—your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady: for my Lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet, and till then peace be with him. [*he passes on*

Don Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claudio. In most profound earnest, and I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Don Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claudio. Most sincerely.

Don Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

Claudio. He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Don Pedro. But soft you, let me be—pluck up, my heart, and be sad—did he not say my brother was fled?

DOGBERRY, VERGES and the Watch approach, with CONRADE and BORACHIO in custody

Dogberry. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Don Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

Claudio. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Don Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogberry. Marry sir, they have committed false report—moreover, they have spoken untruths—secondarily, they are slanders—sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady—thirdly, they have verified unjust things—and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Don Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done—thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence—sixth and lastly, why they are committed—and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claudio. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division—and by my troth there's one meaning well suited.

Don Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Borachio. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me...I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light—who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard

and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her when you should marry her...My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame...The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation: and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Don Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claudio. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

Don Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Borachio. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Don Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claudio. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogberry. Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter...And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verges. Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Leonato and Antonio come from the house, with the Sexton

Leonato. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Borachio. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leonato. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Borachio. Yea, even I alone.

Leonato. No, not so villain, thou beliest thyself,
Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled that had a hand in it...
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claudio. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin—yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.
Don Pedro. By my soul nor I,
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
Leonato. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live—
That were impossible—but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died, and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones—sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us—
Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.
Claudio. O noble sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
Leonato. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who I believe was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Borachio. No, by my soul she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogberry. Moreover, sir –which indeed is not under white and black–this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass. I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment. And also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed–they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake...Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leonato. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogberry. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leonato. There's for thy pains.

Dogberry. God save the foundation!

Leonato. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogberry. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others...God keep your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humbly give you leave to depart–and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it...Come neighbour.

[*Dogberry and Verges depart*

Leonato. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Antonio. Farewell my lords, we look for you to-morrow.

Don Pedro. We will not fail.

Claudio. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Don Pedro and Claudio walk sadly away*

Leonato. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Leonato and Antonio go within, followed by the Sexton, the Watch and the prisoners

[5.2.] *Benedick and Margaret come up the street*

Benedick. Pray thee sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Margaret. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Benedick. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Margaret. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Benedick. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Margaret. And yours—as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Benedick. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman...and so I pray thee call Beatrice—I give thee the bucklers.

Margaret. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Benedick. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice—and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Margaret. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs. [*Margaret enters the house*

Benedick. And therefore will come....

[*sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve....

I mean in singing. But in loving—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love...Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme—I have tried. I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme: for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme: for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme...very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms...

Beatrice comes forth

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beatrice. Yea signior, and depart when you bid me.

Benedick. O stay but till then.

Beatrice. 'Then' is spoken: fare you well now—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Benedick. Only foul words—and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beatrice. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome—therefore I will depart unkissed.

Benedick. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beatrice. For them all together, which maintain so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them...But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Benedick. 'Suffer love!' a good epithet. I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beatrice. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Benedick. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beatrice. It appears not in this confession -there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Benedick. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beatrice. And how long is that, think you?

Benedick. Question! Why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise –if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary—to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beatrice. Very ill.

Benedick. And how do you?

Beatrice. Very ill too.

Benedick. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

URSULA runs forth

Ursula. Madam, you must come to your uncle—yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio

mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone...Will you come presently?

Beatrice. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Benedick. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*they go within*

[5.3.] *A church-yard; before a sepulchre. Night*

Don Pedro, Claudio and other lords approach with tapers, followed by Balthazar and musicians

Claudio. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A lord. It is, my lord.

Claudio [*reads from a scroll*].

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame....
Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*affixing it*
Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Balthazar sings

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go:
Midnight, assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claudio. Now, unto thy bones good night.
Yearly will I do this rite.
Don Pedro. Good morrow masters, put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.
Claudio. Good morrow masters—each his several way.
[*the musicians leave the church-yard*
Don Pedro. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this for whom we rendred up this woe! [*they go*

[5.4.] *The hall in Leonato's house; musicians seated in the gallery*

Leonato, Antonio, Benedick and Friar Francis enter, followed by Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula, who talk apart

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leonato. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Antonio. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Benedick. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leonato [*turns*]. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you come hither masked...
[*the ladies go out*

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother—
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Antonio. Which I will do with confirmed countenance.
Benedick. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Benedick. To bind me, or undo me—one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leonato. That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.
Benedick. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leonato. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?
Benedick. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honourable marriage—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leonato. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Don Pedro and Claudio enter with two or three other lords

Don Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leonato. Good morrow prince, good morrow Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claudio. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leonato. Call her forth, brother. Here's the friar ready.
[*Antonio goes*
Don Pedro. Good morrow Benedick. Why, what's
the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claudio. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Benedick. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low—
And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

ANTONIO returns, with the ladies masked

Claudio. For this I owe you: here comes
other reck'nings....
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Antonio. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claudio. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see
your face.
Leonato. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claudio. Give me your hand before this holy friar—
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived I was your other wife—
[*she unmasks*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claudio. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer....
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
Don Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leonato. She died, my lord, but whiles her
slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death,
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Benedick. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beatrice. I answer to that name. [*unmasks*] What is your will?

Benedick. Do not you love me?

Beatrice. Why no, no more than reason.

Benedick. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceivéd, for they swore you did.

Beatrice. Do not you love me?

Benedick. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beatrice. Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.

Benedick. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beatrice. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Benedick. 'Tis no such matter. Then, you do not love me?

Beatrice. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leonato. Come cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Benedick. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts... Come, I will have thee– but by this light I take thee for pity.

Beatrice. I would not deny you—but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Benedick. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*he kisses her*

Don Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Benedick. I'll tell thee what, prince: a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him...In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it—and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion...For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claudio. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer—which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Benedick. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leonato. We'll have dancing afterward.

Benedick. First, of my word—therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad—get thee a wife, get thee a wife. There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

A messenger enters

Messenger. My lord, your brother John is ta'en
in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Benedick. Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him...Strike up, pipers!

Music and dance

THE COPY FOR *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*, 1600

A. *Quarto and Folio*

There are two texts of *Much Ado* which an editor has to consider: the Good Quarto of 1600 and the Folio text of 1623. Fortunately all scholars are now agreed as to their general relationship, which, briefly stated, is as follows. Between 1600 and 1623 a copy of the Quarto was used as a prompt-book by Shakespeare's company; during this period certain alterations were made upon it by someone in the theatre, presumably the prompter; and finally this prompt-book, or another copy of the Quarto collated with it, was delivered to the printers in 1623 and used by them for the production of the Folio. Substantially then the Folio version is a reprint of the Quarto, and if it were not that it bears traces of the prompter's pen we might dismiss its variant readings without more ado as the mistakes of a careless compositor. But since some of the changes in the Folio are demonstrably derived from the theatre, the question arises as to how far this influence extends and even whether one or two of the more attractive alterations were made with the approval of Shakespeare himself or of his company, as by adopting them not a few editors have tacitly assumed.

The Folio variants fall under two heads: (*a*) Differences in the stage-directions, which undoubtedly originated in the theatre. For example, at 2. 3. 35 the word 'Muſicke' (Q.) becomes 'Iacke Wilſon' (F.), a change which tells us that at some performance between 1600 and 1623 Balthazar's song was sung by a player with a not uncommon name. These variants, which are few and extremely haphazard, are all recorded in our notes.

(*b*) Some 140 changes in the dialogue, consisting for the most part of small verbal omissions, transpositions, substitutions, additions, and the loss or alteration of letters. The number of these changes, which with one or two exceptions have all been rejected by modern editors as errors of the press, is to be attributed to the fact that a compositor works more rapidly from printed than from manuscript copy and is therefore more prone to go astray. A complete list of such variants is given on pp. 154–57, together with an analysis and a few notes on debatable points. The conclusion there arrived at is that none of these variants, save seventeen obvious press-corrections, possesses any certain authority, and that therefore the sole basis for a modern text of *Much Ado* is the Quarto of 1600. In this we find ourselves in practical agreement with that pioneer in the field of Shakespearian bibliography, Mr P. A. Daniel[1].

B. *The printing and publication of the Quarto*

Much Ado was 'printed by V. S. [Valentine Sims] for Andrew Wise and William Aspley.' Sims had already, in 1597, printed *Richard II* and *Richard III*, and this previous experience of Shakespearian copy on the part of his workmen may account for the fewness of the misprints and the comparative normality of the spelling[2] in the text before us. The book is one of the better printed of the quartos; and contains few of those little accidents, such as turned letters, wrong fount letters and the like, which point to carelessness or incompetence in a compositor. The punctuation is scanty, but that is because, as we shall see, the copy gave little guidance to the printers. The stage-directions are odd;

[1] v. his introduction to the Praetorius facsimile of the Quarto, 1886.

[2] Only 'comparative' because the Quarto contains a number of unusual spellings which almost certainly derive from the 'copy.'

but here too the copy was to blame. Sims received a manuscript, and had to do the best he could with it. There was no proof-reading by the author.

Andrew Wise, one of the publishers, had been responsible for the appearance of the two quartos printed by Sims in 1597 and also for 1 *Henry IV* produced by another printer in 1598. It would seem, however, that he was not the principal agent in the publication of *Much Ado* or 2 *Henry IV*, which was also 'printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600,' since in 1603, apparently on retiring from business, he made over his rights in certain books to Matthew Law, and the list includes *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and 1 *Henry IV*, but not *Much Ado* or 2 *Henry IV*. It is to be presumed, therefore, that these two books belonged to Aspley, a young and rising publisher, who had set up his bookshop in 1598 and whose name subsequently figures with those of other publishers on the title-page of some copies of the Folio, possibly in recognition of his rights in the two plays[1]. Further, the publication of *Much Ado* and 2 *Henry IV* is attended by two rather strange circumstances which deserve to be placed upon record. In the first place neither was reprinted after 1600 until it appeared in the Folio, and seeing that 1 *Henry IV* ran into no less than six editions between 1598 and 1623 the seeming ill-success of its sequel as a publisher's venture certainly requires explanation. In the second place, though both *Much Ado* and 2 *Henry IV* were entered in the Stationers' Register, on Aug. 23, 1600, to Wise and Aspley in the regular way, this entry is preceded by another, dated Aug. 4, in which *As you like it*, *Henry V*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Much Ado about Nothing* are directed 'to be staied.' Whether there be any connexion between this staying order and the failure of *Much Ado*

[1] He probably had a share in the publishing venture also.

and 2 *Henry IV* to achieve a second edition, it is difficult to say. Conceivably James Roberts, printer and publisher, who from July 22, 1598, onwards figures in the Stationers' Register as taking an active interest in plays belonging to the Chamberlain's men, may, after a preliminary attempt which failed, have succeeded eventually in spiking Aspley's guns. However this be, Mr A. W. Pollard writes, in his *Shakespeare Folios and Quartos*, 1909: 'That the manuscripts of these two plays were obtained from the Chamberlain's men and printed with their full authority is as certain as anything can make it....It is inconceivable that within three weeks of their "staying" order a pirate would have come near the Stationers' Company with the manuscripts of two plays which could be proved to have been stolen. For there is no question here of texts taken down in shorthand in the theatre. Both plays can be proved to have been printed from playhouse copies, which must either have been stolen from the players or published with their consent.' And everything goes to show that this statement of the case, backed by so high an authority, is substantially correct.

C. *The manuscript prompt-book*

In any event, there can be no doubt at all that the 'copy' which Sims used was the manuscript theatrical prompt-book, and at least a very strong presumption, in our view amounting to a practical certainty, that it was in Shakespeare's handwriting. The appearance of the comic actors' names, Kempe and Cowley, for Dogberry and Verges, in 4. 2. is conclusive evidence in favour of the prompt-book, while our chief assurance that in *Much Ado* only a compositor stands between us and the MS which Shakespeare himself worked upon arises from the condition of the Quarto text, since its anomalies can hardly derive from anyone but the author and most of them would certainly have been cleaned up

in a theatrical fair-copy. We are therefore confronted, as we believe, with a text printed directly from the prompt-book just as Shakespeare left it, a prompt-book prepared, be it remembered, with a view to stage-performance, not for publication, and set up by compositors, who, whatever liberties they might take with spelling and punctuation, had in the absence of guidance from the author no alternative to following their 'copy' as faithfully as possible. If they gave thought to anything beyond the purely mechanical side of their art, they might at times stumble upon features which seemed to them odd; but even so what could they do? It was not for them to reform or re-write their 'copy,' except when goaded thereto by stern necessity. In other words, the Quarto of 1600 presents us with something approximating to a typographical facsimile of Shakespeare's manuscript: and its peculiarities, if we can interpret them rightly, will enable us to watch him at his work. The most striking of these anomalies may be classified as follows:

(i) *Irregular stage-directions*. The true character of the manuscript is revealed on the very first page of the Quarto, which opens thus: 'Enter Leonato gouernour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a meſſenger.' Theobald 'ventured to expunge' this Innogen, 'there being no mention of her through the play, no one speech addressed to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine that Hero's mother was living. It seems as if the poet had in his first plan designed such a character: which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out.' In this theory Theobald has been followed by most subsequent critics. Mr H. H. Furness, the editor of *The New Variorum Shakespeare*, writes, however: 'A far easier explanation than Theobald's is, I think, to suppose that Shakespeare, in

remodelling an old play, perhaps even retaining the first manuscript page of it, carelessly suffered the old stage-direction to remain and merely omitted to erase the name of a character which did not enter his plan.' Mr Furness' explanation is not only the easier but the only possible one, more especially as the words 'his wife' recur in the stage-direction at the head of 2. 1.

Further, there are entries given to characters in scenes where they have nothing to say. Thus the singing-man, Balthazar, whose 'part' is confined to 2. 3. and who is most unlikely to have appeared elsewhere except in 5. 3. in the Elizabethan performance of the received play, is given an entry at 1. 1. 90 (v. note 2. 3. 43). Again, the stage-direction at 2. 1. 194 reads 'Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade,' though the last three names are obviously superfluous and have been cut out in all modern editions. And there are yet more oddities of the same kind which can only be satisfactorily explained as survivals of the old play. On the other hand, in 'Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrſula' (3. 4. head) we get what we believe to be a revised stage-direction, 'Hero, and Margaret' being the original entry, 'and Vrſula' a later addition. In short, there can be little doubt that the manuscript used by Sims in 1600 was a revised text, in which Shakespeare had retained a considerable number of pages from the old play, writing his new or additional matter in their margins or upon scraps of paper glued on to the old manuscript in the fashion familiar to students of *Sir Thomas More*. It is to be noticed that these irregular stage-directions run right across the page, and were therefore the less likely to be disturbed in such a revision.

What is perhaps the most curious of them all introduces us to another side of the problem. At 2. 1. 76 we find: 'Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn.' On the principles just

laid down, 'and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn' should be an addition to the original stage-direction; but what are we to make of so strange an addition? The 'dumb' need cause us little trouble, being easily explained as a compositor's misreading; we find 'Dun Iohn' at 3. 3. 105, which leads us to suppose that 'dun' here has been taken for 'dum.' The real crux is in 'Balthaſer, or' which cannot be right. First it is to be noticed that the compositor is unable to determine the name of the masquer who dances with Margaret, Borachio's flame; printing it now as 'Bene.' and again as 'Balth.' Second, that Borachio, who speaks at l. 146, is given no entry. Third, that the appearance of Balthazar is as surprising here as it is in 1. 1. Yet, if we suppose that Shakespeare scribbled 'and B or dun Iohn' (= and Borachio Don John) against the original stage-direction all is explained; Borachio is the obvious partner for Margaret, while presumably the puzzled compositor took the detached 'B' in the stage-direction as Balthazar and an abbreviated 'Bo.' in the speech-headings first as 'Be.' (= Benedick) and then as 'Ba.' (= Balthazar)[1].

(ii) *Inadequate or careless speech-headings.* The conjectural 'Bo.' just mentioned may be paralleled with 'moo,' for 'More,' and 'oth' or 'o,' for members of a crowd, which are to be found in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*. And there is plenty of evidence of similar casualness on Shakespeare's part elsewhere in the *Much Ado* manuscript. At times he even forgets what the name of a character is. The most interesting example of this is the sudden appearance of Kempe and Cowley in 4. 2. In scene 3. 3., which introduces us to Dogberry and Verges, the names are correctly given throughout: but in 3. 5., where they next appear, they seem to be already slipping from the dramatist's memory. The scene is headed 'Enter

[1] Cf. note 2. 1. 89.

Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough,' a stage-direction which strongly suggests that Verges was an addition, more especially as most of Dogberry's speeches are headed 'Conſt. Dog.,' where the 'Dog.' is almost certainly an insertion, possibly by the prompter, in order to distinguish the original single constable from the intruding second constable. As for the speeches of Verges, his name crops up once at the end of the scene, probably because Shakespeare has been obliged to recollect it for the purposes of the dialogue, in which it occurs thrice; but his other speeches are assigned to 'Head.' Clearly Shakespeare was more alive to the appearance of the two old men on the stage—'Headborough' of course would imply a special costume[1]—than to their names. And when he reached 4. 2. the names, which do not here occur in the dialogue, had deserted him completely. Dogberry's speeches are given to his impersonator, Kempe, which in its abbreviated form 'Ke.' is once expanded into 'Keeper' by the distracted compositor, while the lines belonging to Verges go to 'Cowley'; and whether Shakespeare himself wrote these actors' names because he could not be bothered to recall the names of the characters or whether the prompter inserted them in order to sort out Shakespeare's inadequate distribution of the 'parts' in the manuscript, may be left an open question. The point is: Shakespeare had forgotten. After this it is not surprising to find the pair in 5. 1. designated simply as 'Conſt.' and 'Con. 2.'

The treatment of other small parts tells the same tale. It is doubtful, for example, whether at the time of the revision Shakespeare ever realised, except perhaps for two fleeting moments, that Leonato's brother was called Antonio. He is described as 'an old man brother to Leonato' at the head of 1. 2., where he first comes on, and his speeches are generally assigned to 'Old' or to

[1] The title is theatrical; it does not appear in the dialogue.

'Brother.' Indeed, the only occasion on which the name occurs in the speech-headings is in the brief dialogue with Ursula in 2. 1. (the dance-scene), probably because she addresses him as 'Signior Anthonio.' And it is worthy of notice that a modern editor would have no means of identifying this masquer with Leonato's brother did not the name 'Anthony' recur, twice, in the dialogue of 5. 1 In George and Francis Seacoal, on the other hand, we have apparently an instance of two characters springing, through the dramatist's forgetfulness, out of one original (v. note 3. 5. 53–4). It seems clear, in short, that Shakespeare was dependent upon the dialogue, at least to some extent, for his knowledge of the names of his characters. In other words he was revising an old text.

(iii) *Imperfectly deleted passages*. In revision, deletion will of course play an important part, and if the deletion is carelessly performed passages of the old text which should have been excised are likely to get into print[1]. A famous instance of this is the duplication, in slightly different form, of part of Friar Laurence's speech at the beginning of 2. 3. in *Romeo and Juliet*. Are there any instances of the same kind of thing in *Much Ado*? Let us start by considering the opening lines of Friar Francis' speech at 4. 1. 154–57, which have attracted the attention of most modern editors. The lines are printed as prose in the Quarto; they occur at the foot of sig. G1 recto; and this Quarto page contains 39 lines of type as against 38 elsewhere. Clearly there has been an accident of some kind in Sims' office, and two different explanations have been offered to account for it. The *Globe Shakespeare* prints the passage thus:

> Hear me a little; for I have only been
> Silent so long and given way unto
> †This course of fortune...
> By noting of the lady I have mark'd

[1] Publication was of course a contingency with which

and the editors (in their *Cambridge Shakespeare*) write: 'The type appears to have been accidentally dislocated, and the passage was then set up as prose...some words were probably lost in the operation, giving the Friar's reason for remaining silent, viz. that he might find out the truth.' Mr P. A. Daniel, on the other hand, in his introduction to the Praetorius facsimile, cannot 'perceive that any words are wanting for the sense,' and believes that the muddle arose from the fact that two compositors had divided the 'copy' between them and that one of them, whose stint ended at the foot of sig. G 1 recto, had miscalculated the amount of his 'copy' and was therefore forced to crowd an extra line or two into the bottom of the page. Neither explanation seems to us to touch the root of the trouble. For how can the compositor have miscalculated, if the 'copy' was in order? and why is the sense obscure, as despite Mr Daniel's disclaimer it certainly is? 'Throw the blame upon Shakespeare' is a golden rule in dealing with textual problems in the Good Quartos, and if we do so here the solution is not far to seek. The crowding of the type, i.e. the extra line to the page and the prose arrangement, shows that the compositor found he had more material upon his hands than he had first bargained for. The text again is not defective but redundant; for omit the words 'for I haue only bin filent ſo long, & giuen way vnto this courſe of fortune,' which are two lines of indifferent verse, and the sense is restored. Now if we suppose that Shakespeare cut out a passage of some length, which seemed to him superfluous or metrically unworthy, at the beginning of the Friar's speech; that he intentionally left the opening half-line, 'Hear me a little,' undeleted and uninten-

the dramatist did not reckon; he was concerned with performance only and would doubtless see to it, or trust the prompter to see to it, that no such passages appeared in the players' parts.

tionally omitted properly to erase two other lines; that the compositor, faced with the deleted passage, failed at first to notice 'Hear me a little' and began the speech with the line 'By noting of the lady, I haue markt' (which would give us a normal page of 38 lines, including one for the signature and the catch-word); and that when finally the press-corrector, Sims or his foreman, drew the compositor's attention to the omission, the two imperfectly deleted lines were also noted and wrongly inserted into the text—we have a natural and comprehensive explanation of all the facts. In any event, there can be little doubt that Shakespeare intended to cut out the two textually and bibliographically superfluous lines, and we have accordingly placed them within square brackets in this edition.

Similar carelessness on Shakespeare's part has, we believe, affected the text at 5. 1. 106–108, though it is here unattended by bibliographical complications. The passage runs in the Quarto:

Leonato. My Lord, my Lord.
Prince. I will not hear you.
Leo. No come brother, away, I wil be heard. *Exeunt amb.*
Bro. And ſhal, or ſome of vs wil ſmart for it. *Enter Ben.*

It is not easy to arrange these lines properly, and it is even less easy to see why, or how, the two old men abruptly leave the stage when they appear so determined to have the quarrel out. Yet if we assume that the quarrel continued in the older version, that Shakespeare in revising made an end of it here, in order to shorten the scene, by scribbling 'come brother away' above the line and 'exeunt amb.' in the margin, and that he omitted to erase 'I wil be heard' and '*Bro.* And ſhal, or ſome of vs wil ſmart for it,' we get the following:

Leonato. My lord, my lord!
Don Pedro. I will not hear you.
Leonato. No?
Come brother, away! [*exeunt.*

which is both metrically and dramatically satisfactory. In support of this supposition, it should be noticed that (i) the Quarto prints '*Exeunt amb.*' before Antonio's last speech, and (ii) the muddle occurs just at the junction between the verse and prose sections of the scene (v. head-note 5. 1.). And since 'No,' which is needed to complete l. 106, was probably original, and 'I will be heard' was also probably followed by deleted words, which were needed to complete l. 107, we conjecture that the MS passage which confronted Sims' compositor was something like this:

Leonato. My Lord, my Lord.
Prince. I will not hear you.
come brother away exeunt amb.
Leo. No, I wil be heard, ~~I wil be heard, my Lord~~.
Bro. And ſhal, or ſome of vs wil ſmart for it. enter Ben.

In the note on 1. 1. 140 we draw attention to another possible instance of the same phenomenon.

(iv) *Scanty punctuation.* We believe that the 1600 Quarto of *Much Ado* was printed from Shakespeare's autograph manuscript; yet it is the most sparsely punctuated text we have so far encountered in this edition. The pointing is generally very light, frequently ambiguous and sometimes palpably incorrect. Obviously it was largely supplied by the compositor, who found little guidance in his 'copy.' And we shall discover that several of the other Good Quartos are in the same condition. For example, in discussing the question whether the first Quarto of *Richard II* was punctuated throughout by Shakespeare, Mr A. W. Pollard writes: 'An honest editor can only return one answer: "In any positive sense it was *not*." Negatively and defectively we may persuade ourselves that its light, inadequate punctuation corresponds roughly to what Shakespeare set down, but for pages at a time there is nothing on which we can put our finger and say "that punctuation must be Shakespeare's." On the other hand, as regards the set

speeches, and now and again elsewhere, the punctuation is distinctly dramatic and entitles us to believe that Shakespeare punctuated these portions of his manuscript with some care and that the Quarto reproduces this punctuation with very much the same substantial fidelity that it reproduces the words of the text' (*Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates*, 1920, p. xix). Mr Pollard's description of the pointing of *Richard II* fits that of *Much Ado*, except that the latter nowhere contains anything upon which we can put our finger and say 'that punctuation must be Shakespeare's,' though there are, as we shall see, several scenes wherein the stops may well be his.

All this will, perhaps, seem strange at first sight: yet if we remember the conditions of stage-production there is nothing really inexplicable about it. Dramatic pointing existed in order to guide the actors in the speaking of their lines; and provided the dramatist could be certain that the players spoke them in the way he desired he would not greatly care about the stops in the prompt-book. When he wrote slowly and with deliberation, as he would in 'set speeches,' he might find it convenient to punctuate as he went along, but otherwise, if he was himself proposing to supervise the rehearsals, he could trust to getting the pointing right then. And this, we suggest, is what happened as regards the *prose*-scenes of *Much Ado*: they were written at considerable speed, the author's 'mind and hand going together,' and were punctuated in the scanty and spasmodic fashion which we find in the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*, so that when the compositors came to set them up in type most of the stops had to be supplied by the light of nature[1]. With the verse-scenes matters are different; here the punctuation,

[1] Colons and full-stops, when they occur, which is seldom, are generally unquestionable and probably in most instances derive from the author.

though never brilliant, like that of *The Tempest* for example, is careful, adequate and correct, in fact very much in the style of the punctuation of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Since it is unlikely that compositors who punctuated prose so insufficiently would pass muster with flying colours when they came to verse, we submit that there is a presumption in favour of the punctuation of the verse-scenes originating with Shakespeare, or at least in the playhouse. Further, this difference between the prose and the verse is significant in relation to the problem of the character of Shakespeare's revision of the old text, to which we must now turn.

D. *The revision*

The manuscript, then, which Sims and his compositors handled in 1600 was, we hold, an old play which had been worked over and recast somewhere towards the end of 1598 or the beginning of 1599. A later date for the revision is not probable, since the players are very unlikely to have released the prompt-book to the printer before its theatrical possibilities on the stage had been, at least temporarily, exhausted, while Meres' silence about *Much Ado* seems to preclude an earlier date than 1598. If Shakespeare took the play in hand late in that year, it would have been in the company's repertory during 1599, so that by 1600 most of London's regular theatre-goers would have seen it. But what was this old play which he recast? and what was the character of the revision he effected?

It is of course possible that here, as elsewhere, the play was originally plotted by another hand than Shakespeare's, and seeing that there exists a German drama, *Die Schöne Phaenicia*, by Jacob Ayrer, with a similar plot and concerned with Peter, King of Arragon, and Lionato, an old nobleman, both Ayrer and Shakespeare may have derived their material from a common

dramatic source, as they seem to have done in *The Tempest*[1]. On the other hand, the similarities can all be explained if we suppose that the two writers drew independently upon Belleforest's prose story. And in any event, though there are clearly two strata in the text of *Much Ado*, there are no obvious indications of a second hand. The 'old play,' therefore, as far as the internal evidence takes us, was an early play by Shakespeare himself (cf. pp. x–xi).

Once the fact of revision be established, it is possible to frame a theory, which we may claim to be at least plausible, as to the general lines on which Shakespeare carried it out. We may premise at the outset, without fear of contradiction, that the characters which would interest him most in 1598–9 would be Beatrice and Benedick, and, secondly, that economical as ever of his energies and his material he would be likely to retain as much of the old version as he conveniently could. In his desire to bring Beatrice and Benedick more into the foreground of the picture, he would be obliged, we must suppose, to re-write and greatly to expand their 'parts,' especially when they were present together on the stage. This meant a corresponding curtailment in other sections of the play, which must be kept more or less within its original proportions; but while there would be abridgment and compression Shakespeare would avoid more re-writing in these sections than was absolutely necessary. Further, since three-quarters of

[1] 'A play "*panecia*" was acted on New Year's Day, 1574/5, by the Earl of Leicester's men, before the queen. In the jumbled spelling of the official accounts, "panecia" not improbably represents "Fenicia" [the "Hero" of Bandello's original story]....As "panecia" was performed by Leicester's men, who afterwards became the Lord Chamberlain's players, it is possible that the manuscript remained for a quarter of a century in the hands of the company, and was afterwards worked up by Shakespeare' (Boas, p. xiii).

the received text is in prose and the verse-scenes are almost entirely concerned with the Hero and Claudio plot, we infer that the 1598–9 revision was a prose one and that the verse belongs to the old play. This inference is supported by the distinction between the prose and verse as regards punctuation, which we have noted above. It finds support also in the style of the verse, which so far from resembling what we should expect Shakespeare to be writing at the very end of the century is all strongly reminiscent of *The Two Gentlemen* and *Romeo and Juliet*, as we shall point out in detail in our notes. Moreover there are many indications that the verse-scenes have been abridged; for they contain not only many broken lines of verse but also those imperfectly deleted passages which we have previously dealt with. But a consideration of the plot will perhaps furnish us with the most interesting and conclusive evidence of the way in which the revision was carried out.

In the old play the fortunes of Hero and Claudio presumably constituted the principal interest, to which were attached two minor plots: that which concerned the duping of Beatrice and Benedick[1], and that which involved the relations between Borachio and Margaret[2]. If so, when Shakespeare in 1598–9 so far expanded the first of these sub-plots that it quite obscured the interest in the main plot, one of his readiest ways to find room for the new matter would be to cut away the second sub-plot. He could not cut it out altogether, because the meeting of Margaret and Borachio at Hero's bedroom window was one of the chief hinges in the main plot;

[1] The fact that 3. 1. is in verse shows that Beatrice and Benedick provided a comic underplot in the old play.

[2] This was of course attached to that element in the main plot which concerned the relations between Don Pedro and Don John, an element which is obscure in the received text and has doubtless also suffered from revision (v. notes 1. 1. 90, 192; 2. 1. 159–69, 194).

but that apart he could dispense with the rest. Now it is perfectly clear that there was a 'rest' and that Shakespeare dispensed with it. When we sit and watch *Much Ado* on the stage, all we know about the Margaret-Borachio business is that the two were lovers, that somehow Borachio contrived to get Hero out of her room for one night, and that somehow he induced Margaret to dress in her mistress' clothes and to meet him at Hero's window. This is sufficient for the purpose, and we ask no more. But when we read the play in the study, a thing which of course Shakespeare never intended us to do, questions begin to arise. For example: (i) At the end of 5. 1. and the beginning of 5. 4. we learn that Margaret underwent some kind of trial before Leonato for her part in Claudio's deception; we are not told how she defended herself, but it is clear that she escaped with slight censure. Yet, on the evidence of the received text, she appears to be as guilty as Borachio himself. (ii) Margaret's name does not appear among those present at the wedding-scene; yet she must have heard afterwards about Claudio's rejection of Hero. How was it she did not connect it with her escapade of the previous night? And why did she not at once inform Leonato? Margaret is a pleasant character, and most unlikely to have shielded herself at her mistress' expense. (iii) Beatrice, it seems, was somehow involved in Borachio's intrigue, for though she had slept with Hero 'this twelvemonth' she had not been her bedfellow on the fatal night (4. 1. 146–48). How was this, and where had Hero slept the night before her wedding-day?

It is not possible to answer any of these questions; but they give rise to a further question: are all these obscurities due to flaws in the structure of the play as originally plotted, or are most of them loose ends caused by revision? And to this question it *is* possible to find an answer. When Borachio first announces his scheme to Don John in 2. 2. he remarks, 'They will scarcely

believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio.' Theobald, followed by Pope and others, read 'Borachio' for 'Claudio' in this passage, and asked: 'In the name of common sense could it displease Claudio to hear his mistress making use of *his* name tenderly? If he saw another man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reasonably think her betrayed, but he could not have the same reason to accuse her of disloyalty.' Upon this the editors of the *Globe Shakespeare*, in which the passage is obelised as if corrupt, comment in their 'Cambridge' edition: 'The substitution of "Borachio" for "Claudio" does not relieve the difficulty here. Hero's supposed offence would not be enhanced by calling one lover by the name of another....It is not clearly explained how Margaret could, consistently with the "just and virtuous" character which Borachio claims for her in the fifth act, lend herself to the villain's plot. Perhaps the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio.' More probably, as we think, Borachio gained Margaret's consent by extolling the 'beauty' to which she refers in 5. 2. and by playing upon her vanity. This, at any rate, is the way the villain works upon Pryene (= Margaret) in the story as told by Ariosto in *Orlando Furioso* (iv., v. and vi.) and re-told by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* (bk II, canto iv). Phaon, the deceived lover in Spenser's version, thus describes the winning-over of Pryene:

> This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
> Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
> Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
> Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
> One day to worke her to his will more neare,
> He woo'd her thus: '*Pryene* (so she hight)
> What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
> Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
> That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.'

That Margaret, like Pryene, should array herself in her mistress' 'gorgeous geare' was of course essential to Borachio's plot, though significantly enough we are not informed of this detail until 5. 1. 232.

In any event, the only way in which Borachio could enlist the 'just and virtuous' Margaret as an innocent accomplice in his scheme was by proposing that they should do a little play-acting together. But if this explanation be satisfactory from the narrative point of view, it is very far from being so as regards a play written to be acted on the stage, since it is inconceivable that any member of the audience would catch the point. If then Shakespeare had all this in mind, as there can be little doubt he had, why did he not make it clear? The reply is that the words 'hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio,' so inappropriately connected with Claudio and Don Pedro, who were presumably intended to watch from a distance in the orchard and to hear nothing, were a slip of the pen on Shakespeare's part, due to his knowledge of the unrevised text. It was a venial slip, for it would pass unnoticed by the audience in the theatre. But it lets the student into the master's workshop; it tells him that in the older version Margaret was deceived as well as the Prince and Claudio; and it plausibly suggests that some at least of the other obscurities concerning the doings in Hero's bedroom also originated at the time of the revision. With the details of this revision we shall deal in the head-notes to the various scenes.

D. W.

NOTES

All significant departures from the Quarto are recorded; the name of the critic who first suggested a reading being placed in brackets. Illustrative spellings and misprints are quoted from the Good Quarto texts or from the Folio where no Good Quarto exists. The line-numeration for reference to plays not yet issued in this edition is that used in Bartlett's *Concordance*.

Q. stands for the Quarto of 1600; F., unless otherwise specified, for the First Folio; T.I. and Facs. = the Textual Introduction and the Facsimile of a passage from the 'Shakespearian' Addition to *Sir Thomas More*, both to be found in the *Tempest* volume; N.E.D. = *The New English Dictionary*; Sh. Eng. = *Shakespeare's England*; S.D. = Stage-direction; G. = Glossary; Boas = *Much Ado* ed. by Dr F. S. Boas (Oxford, 1916), an interesting text, which unfortunately we did not come across until these Notes were in type, though here and there we have been able to avail ourselves of it. It anticipates our findings at several points.

Characters in the Play. Neither Q. nor F. contains a list of the Names of all the Actors, and Rowe first furnished the *Dramatis personae*. Note: (i) Don Pedro is called 'Don Peter' twice at the opening of the first scene, but 'Don Pedro' elsewhere; the sp. 'Peter' may be a relic of the old play, since the King of Arragon is 'Peter' in *Die Schöne Phaenicia* (cf. pp. x–xi, 102–103). His speeches are headed 'Pedro' up to 2. 1. 300, and the name recurs at 2. 1. 326; but with this exception the heading is 'Prince' from 2. 1. 305 onwards. (ii) Don John is usually described as 'Iohn the baſtard' in the Q. S.D.s (v. note 1. 1. 90). (iii) For Antonio v. pp. 96–7.

Acts and Scenes. No divisions in Q. The F. divides into acts but not scenes (v. T.I. § 3 and head-note 3. 1. below).

Punctuation. v. pp. 100–102. The F. compositors introduced a large quantity of new stops, as well they might. We have thought it best, however, to follow the Q. as closely as circumstances permit; recording all serious departures in the notes, and only adding such commas, or inserting such periods, as seem necessary to obviate ambiguity.

Stage-directions. v. pp. 93–5. All original S.D.s are given in the notes, according to the Q., where Q. and F. are in substantial agreement; the F. S.D.s being also quoted where they differ from those in the Q.

1. 1.

Up to l. 272 the scene is in prose; after that we have verse. Throughout the prose-section either Beatrice or Benedick is on the stage, and the change takes place at the exit of Benedick, who leaves Claudio and Don Pedro to discuss Hero together. On the theory of a revised text outlined above (pp. 102–104), the verse belongs to an early Shakespearian play and the prose to the Shakespearian revision of 1598–9.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato gouernour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a meſſenger.' For 'Innogen his wife' v. pp. 93–4. For *An orchard* etc. v. note 1. 2. 8–9, and text 3. 1. 7–9, 16.

1, 9. *Don Pedro* (Rowe) Q. 'don Peter' v. *Characters in the Play* (i).

7. *sort* v. G.

28. *Signior Mountanto* i.e. 'Signior Duellist' v. G. 'mountanto.'

34. *pleasant* v. G.

36–9. *He set up his bills...birdbolt* (v. G. 'bills'). Not satisfactorily explained hitherto. Beatrice seems to be referring to some passage at arms between Benedick and the Fool (possibly to a story, familiar to the audience, in which a gallant and a fool were concerned). The 'flight' (v. G.) = (i) the most difficult and the most chancey

kind of archery; (ii) a hawking term, i.e. the flight of the quarry; (iii) 'flyte' or contest. Benedick, we are to suppose, had proposed to hawk at Cupid (punning on 'flyte'); whereupon the Fool, taking 'flight' in the first sense, had defied Benedick to shoot as well as Cupid with what he jocularly described as Cupid's own weapon, i.e. the birdbolt (v. G.). Cf. note ll. 175–76 below and *L.L.L.* 1. 2. 181 'Cupid's butt-shaft'; 4. 3. 23 'Proceed, sweet Cupid—thou hast thumped him with thy birdbolt under the left pap.' (For part of this note we are indebted to Dr W. W. Greg.)

37. *my uncle's fool* There is no mention of this fool elsewhere in the text. If, as is conceivable, he was a character in the 'old play,' he would naturally have been crowded out by Dogberry, Verges and the Watch, who must have absorbed all the comic talent of Shakespeare's company in the 1598–9 version.

39. *birdbolt* (Theobald) Q. 'Burbolt' = a common form in the 16th and 17th centuries.

49. *stomach* v. G.

56. *stuffing—well,* (Theobald) Q. 'ſtuffing well,' Boas, who follows Q., doubts if this be 'an Elizabethan use of "well"'; but cf. ll. 132, 240, 245, 258, in this very scene.

64–5. *bear it for a difference* v. G. 'difference.'

84. *Benedict* (Q. F.). The only instance of this sp. in Q. We retain it because the context makes it almost certain that a quibble is intended. We can trace no disease called 'benedict'; but as a 'Benedict' or 'Benet' (v. N.E.D.) was an exorcist, and as Leonato caps 'the taker runs presently mad' (ll. 82–3) with '*You* will never run mad, niece' (l. 88), it seems plausible to conjecture that Beatrice is referring to some kind of madness.

86. *I will hold friends* etc., i.e. I will take good care not to incur your criticism.

90. S.D. Q. 'Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthaſar and Iohn the baſtard.' For Balthazar v. p. 95;

Borachio would be a more appropriate entry here, but 'Balthafar' is probably a relic of the earlier version. Don John is usually described as 'Iohn the baſtard' in the Q. S.D.s; but his illegitimacy, though clearly an important factor in his make-up, is only twice overtly referred to in the dialogue, and that towards the end of the play (4. 1. 187; 5. 1. 185). Thus the audience would have no means of knowing it until Don John had left the stage for good. The obscurity probably originated at the time of the revision. N.B. the business of his quarrel with Don Pedro and the subsequent reconciliation is also left obscure.

91–2. *are you come to meet your trouble* etc. It is clear from this that Don Pedro meets Leonato at some distance from his house. We must suppose that the orchard lies between the house and the highway.

108–109. *she would not have his head* etc., i.e. she would not have his grey beard.

115–16. *while shè hath such meet food to feed it* i.e. while Disdain hath such meet food to feed her disdain.

130–31. *an 'twere such a face as yours were* Aldis Wright explains 'were' as subjunct. by attraction with ''twere' and quotes 'He were an excellent man that were made' etc. (2. 1. 6), though the case is not quite parallel.

136. *continuer* v. G.

138. *end with a jade's trick* Aldis Wright interprets 'end by slipping your head out of the collar'; but we fancy Beatrice means simply 'end the argument by stopping suddenly and so casting me off,' which is what Benedick had just done.

140. *That is the sum of all, Leonato.* Q. 'That is the ſumme of all: Leonato,' It is clear from the rest of Don Pedro's speech (and from 'nobody marks you' l. 112) that he has been talking apart with Leonato and Hero while Beatrice and Benedick 'skirmish,' and that these words give us a fragmentary remark from their conversation. But it is not Shakespeare's habit to make such

overheard speeches unintelligible, as this one is; and we think it at least possible that the words were part of the unrevised scene and were inadvertently left undeleted (v. pp. 97–100). The Q. colon, if derived from the 'copy,' would suggest that the words stood at the beginning, rather than at the end, of a dramatic phrase.

143. *at the least a month* P. A. Daniel (Time-analysis of 'Much Ado,' *Trans. New Shak. Soc.* 1877–9, pt ii. pp. 140–45) takes this seriously and contrasts it with 'I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon' (3. 2. 1–2). But, surely, Don Pedro is here only jokingly warning Leonato of what he 'has let himself in for,' as a modern guest would put it.

154. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt. Manent Benedicke & Claudio.' F. reads 'Manet' for 'Manent.'

175–76. *to tell us Cupid...carpenter?* i.e. to tell us that Cupid is a 'beater' not a real huntsman, and that Vulcan, who makes his arrows, is a carpenter not a smith, i.e. he makes birdbolts, which have wooden heads. Cf. note ll. 36–9 above.

176–77. *to go in the song* 'That is, to join with you in your song' (Steevens).

188. *wear his cap with suspicion* i.e. be suspected that he wears a cap to hide his cuckold's horn. Henderson quotes Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1569, i. fol. 229), 'all they that weare hornes be pardoned to weare their capps vpon their heads.'

191. *sigh away Sundays* i.e. 'when you will have most leisure to reflect on your captive condition' (Aldis Wright), or 'when, owing to the domesticity of the day, you cannot escape from your yoke-fellow' (Furness).

S.D. Q. 'Enter don Pedro, Iohn the baſtard.' Capell omitted Don John and all mod. edd. have followed. The S.D. clearly derives from the earlier version, and raises questions as to what Don John was originally intended to do in this scene. Possibly he played eavesdropper (cf. note 2. 1. 194 S.D.). In the received text

he first hears of the proposed Claudio-Hero match from Borachio in 1. 3.; but the business of Borachio behind the arras in the musty room is so close a parallel with that of Antonio's man behind the pleached alley in the orchard that it seems to be the result of hasty revision. Cf. 1. 3. head-note.

204. *If this were so, so were it uttered* i.e. 'if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner' (Steevens).

205. *the old tale* etc. Furness cites a long 18th cent. tale, of the Bluebeard variety, from Blakeway, in which 'it is not so, nor 'twas so' etc. runs like a refrain. The story, in some form, may well be of great antiquity and have been told to Shakespeare as a child.

211. *to fetch me in* v. G. 'fetch in.'

214. *by my two faiths* Cf. *Two Gent.* 5. 4. 50–1 'Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,/And that's far worse than one.' Benedick is also, of course, referring to the conflict between his 'allegiance' to Don Pedro and his friendship to Claudio.

223–24. *but in the force of his will* i.e. 'by wilful obstinacy; not by argument, or because he believed what he said' (Aldis Wright), a reference to the definition of heresy by the schoolmen.

227. *recheat* v. G.

228. *hang my bugle in an invisible baldric* The reference is, of course, to concealing the horn (of the cuckold) as in l. 188 above; but we suspect there is more in it than that, though Benedick's exact meaning is obscure.

235–36. *lose more blood with love* Cf. *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 96 'With sighs of love that cost the fresh blood dear.'

237. *a ballad-maker's pen* Cf. 'a woeful ballad/Made to his mistress' eyebrow,' *A.Y.L.* 2. 7. 148–49.

244. *Adam* v. G.

246. *In time* etc. A line, quoted from memory, from *The Spanish Tragedy*, 2. 1. 3 'In time the savage

bull sustains the yoke,' which in its turn derives from Watson's *Hecatompathia* (1582), sonnet 47, 'In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake.'

251. *hire,* Q. 'hyre:'

256. *in Venice* This city had an unsavoury reputation in Shakespeare's day.

258. *temporize with the hours* v. G.

262. *I have almost matter enough in me* i.e. I have almost sufficient wit.

264. *To the tuition of God* etc. A common form of salutation at the end of a letter, in this period.

266. *The sixth of July* 'Old Midsummer Day, an appropriate date for such midsummer madness' (Aldis Wright).

270–71. *Ere you flout...conscience* i.e. before you scoff at these old-fashioned fragments further, see whether they do not apply to yourselves.

272. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

273–311. N.B. the sudden change to verse at Benedick's exit, v. head-note. The style of the verse, with only 3 overrun lines and 4 double endings, is undoubtedly early.

290. *And tire the hearer with a book of words* It is the young Shakespeare who plays upon the connexion between love and books. Cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 1. 19 'And on a love-book pray for my success,' and *Rom.* 1. 3. 81–92; 1. 5. 112; 3. 2. 83.

296. *complexion* i.e. external appearance. Cf. *Errors,* 4. 2. 6 'his heart's meteors tilting in his face.'

298. *salved it with a longer treatise* Cf. note l. 290 above.

300. *The fairest grant* etc., i.e. 'the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case' (Staunton).

301. *'tis once* Cf. *Errors,* 3. 1. 89 'Once this' and G. 'once.'

311. S.D. Q. 'exeunt.'

1. 2.

This brief prose-scene is probably a shortened revision of a longer verse-scene. N.B. it ends with a line of verse: 'Good cousin have a care this busy time,' while l. 4 'tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of' looks like verse also.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato.' Antonio's speeches are headed 'Old' in Q. v. pp. 95–7.

6. *event* (F2) Q. 'euents'

8–9. *in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard* The reference to the dance and the repetition of the word 'break' make it certain that the conversation which Antonio's servant overheard was that at the end of the previous scene. Don Pedro's words (1. 1. 303–309) would naturally give rise to the mistake, even with 'a good sharp fellow.' Antonio's account of the circumstances, therefore, fixes the *mise-en-scène* for 1. 1. Boas anticipates us here, but makes the orchard 'Leonato's' and accordingly alters 'mine' to 'the' in the text, suggesting that the compositor has been led astray by 'a man of mine' which follows. We do not know why Antonio should not own an orchard as well as a 'man,' seeing that he shared a house with his brother. Indeed, his ownership may have been necessary to the plot of the 'old play.'

23. *Cousin* (Johnson) Q. 'coosins' Johnson's emendation, silently made and followed by few later edd., is undoubtedly correct. In ll. 1–2 Leonato enquires after his 'cousin' (i.e. nephew) and a musician, and both enter at this point, as is clear from 'I will use your skill.' Moreover Q. reads 'cosin' at l. 26. Most edd. attempt to support 'coosins' by giving a S.D. 'Several persons cross the stage' or 'Enter attendants.' Our own interpretation follows a suggestion of Dyce, who was the first to grasp the real situation. Boas adopts the same arrangement.

25. *skill* (F.) Q. 'shill' The 's,' for 'ſ,' proves that

the compositor intended to set up *k* not *h*, in other words, that the misprint arose from a 'foul' case, since there is no *fk* ligature in his fount and elsewhere he always uses *sk* and *fh* (cf. McKerrow, *Bib. Soc. Trans.* xii. p. 308). Cf. note 2. 3. 41.

26. S.D. Q. 'exeunt.'

1. 3.

We strongly suspect that this scene is a revised version of an older scene in verse. N.B. (i) It deals with plot-material which Shakespeare would be likely to cut down in the revision; v. pp. 104–105. (ii) The eavesdropping by Borachio is a clumsy duplication of that by Antonio's man in the orchard; cf. note 1. 1. 192. (iii) For possible traces of original verse v. note ll. 18–24 below.

S.D. Q. 'Enter ſir Iohn the baſtard, and Conrade his companion.' The 'ſir' is curious and suggests that the S.D. may belong to the old play. If so, Shakespeare is still using pages of the original manuscript as he proceeds with the revision. For 'the gallery' v. note l. 39 below.

11. *born under Saturn* Furness quotes *Batman vppon Bartholome* (1582): 'a childe & other broodes, that be conceiued & come forth vnder his (i.e. Saturn's) Lordship, dye, or haue full euill qualyties...and he loueth stinking beastes and vncleane, sower things and sharpe: for of their complection melancholike humour hath masterie.'

14. *jests;* Q. 'ieſts,' 16. *business;* Q. 'buſineſſe,'

18–24. *Yea, but you must not* etc. Sidney Walker suggests that this whole speech was intended to be verse, and arranges it thus:

> Yea, but you must not make full show of this,
> Till you may do't without *controlement:*
> You have, of late, stood out against your brother,
> And he hath ta'en you newly into's grace;
> Where *'tis* impossible you should take root,
> But by *th'* fair weather that you make yourself:
> ...'tis needful that you frame the season
> For your own harvest.

Walker's argument rests upon a series of violent emendations; but we believe that he is right to this extent: that the speech was *originally* in verse, which Shakespeare worked up into prose at the time of revision.

25. *canker* v. G. 27. *carriage* v. G.

37. S.D. Q. 'Enter Borachio.'—after 'What news, Borachio?'

39. *yonder* This helps to fix the *mise-en-scène*, Borachio no doubt pointing or waving his hand in the direction of the great chamber. We place the characters in the gallery, because they move off to the supper-room at the end of the scene, which, if they were on the lower-stage, would be awkward, in view of the entry from the supper-room at the beginning of 2. 1. and Leonato's first words. We believe that Shakespeare intended the dialogue to take place on the upper-stage.

46. *brother's* (F.) Q. 'bothers'

49–50. *and who, and who, which way looks he?* i.e. and who is the lady, etc. Edd. have puzzled over this simple passage, which gives us the very sound of Don John's snarling impetuosity. Cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 119 'But what, but what, come they to visit us?'

51. *on* (F.) Q. 'one'—a Shakespearian spelling.

55. *Being entertained* etc., i.e. Borachio, Don John's spy, assumes the part of a perfumer among those called to prepare the house for Don Pedro's reception. Steevens quotes Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*: 'The smoake of juniper is in greate request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers,' and adds 'the neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary.'

63–4. *cross...bless* v. G. 'cross.' 69. *o'* Q. 'a'

71. S.D. Q. 'exit.' F. 'Exeunt.'

2. 1.

The peculiarities of the S.D.s show that Shakespeare was still working on the old MS in his revision of this

scene, while the appearance of rhymed fourteeners at ll. 87–8 and of Claudio's speech of 11 lines of end-stopped verse at 159–69 shows that he also used some of the old material. It is difficult to say how much of the prose was new, but since most of it involves racy speeches by Beatrice or Benedick we may assume that the bulk belongs to 1598–9.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.' For 'his wife' (= Innogen) v. pp. 93–4. The words 'and a kinſman' raise curious speculation. The duplication of 'and' suggests that this 'kinsman' was added to the entries at the time of revision; yet no 'kinsman' has anything to say in what follows. Is he the mute son of Antonio, who appears in 1. 2., and might be brought on here again in order to help make up the numbers on the stage? Or, is it possible that Shakespeare glanced over the old material before revising, saw the name 'Anthonio' cropping up at l. 102, failed to identify it with Leonato's brother, and described him in the S.D. as 'a kinsman' (cf. pp. 96–7)? For 'Margaret, Ursula' in our S.D. v. note l. 76 S.D. below.

3–4. *tartly...heart-burned* v. G. 'heart-burned.'

6. *He were...that were* v. note 1. 1. 130–31.

9. *my lady's eldest son* If this be not proverbial, Beatrice may be referring to a small cousin; in which case 'my lady' = the mysterious 'Innogen,' v. pp. 93–4. But note Don Pedro expressly denies that Leonato has a son (1. 1. 278). Boas takes it as proverbial and quotes a contemptuous reference to 'Ladyes eldest Sonnes' from *The Puritan*, 1. 2. 55–7.

20–1. *God sends a curst cow* etc. v. G. 'curst.'

28–9. *in the woollen* v. G. 'woollen.'

37. *lead...apes into hell* The fate of old maids, since they could not lead children into heaven.

43. *Saint Peter: for the heavens* Most mod. edd. alter the Q. pointing and read 'Saint Peter for the

heavens;' The commas of this text do not inspire much confidence, but a colon is certainly not to be surrendered without consideration. Beatrice's heaven is where the bachelors sit.

54. *mettle* Q. 'mettal'—which all edd. follow; but the two forms were not differentiated in Shakespeare's day, and the meaning intended here is clearly 'mettle,' though there may be a quibble upon 'metal' following on Leonato's 'fitted.' Cf. G. 'mettle.'

59. *kindred* Q. 'kinred'—a sp. which occurs 4 times in *Richard II* and also elsewhere.

62–3. *The fault...in good time* in reference to the coming dance.

65. *hear me* (F.) Q. 'here me' Shakespeare often spelt 'here' 'hear' and 'hear' 'here,' and the result is frequent confusion in the Qq.

Hero— Q. 'Hero,'

68. *and full as fantastical;* Q. '(and ful as fantaſticall)'

69. *ancientry;* Q. 'aunchentry,'

70. *Repentance...with his bad legs* This is probably a reference to some familiar representation of 'Repentance' either in pictures or on the stage of the old moralities. We suspect that 'bad' may be an *e*:*d* misprint for 'boe' (= bow), a common 16th cent. sp.

70–1. *falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster* Beatrice, like other Elizabethans, would pronounce 'cinque-pace' as 'sink apace.' It has been objected (Sh. Eng. ii. 443) that Beatrice's 'conclusion is not very happy, for the cinque-pace, being the most joyous part of the galliard, is hardly comparable with repentance.' But the incongruity is, surely, part of the jest; the point, we take it, is that repentance in marriage leads to all sorts of strange capers away from home.

73. *I can see a church* Cf. 'to go to church' (2. 1. 332–33) = to get married.

75–6. *Make good room* This gives Antonio an opportunity of slipping from the hall to don his mask.

76. S.D. Q. 'Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn.' F. adds 'Maſkers with a drum.' (Cf. *Rom.* 1. 4. 114 'Strike, drum.') For 'and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn' v. pp. 94–5. Q. gives no entry for Margaret and Ursula in this scene, and most edd. make them come in here with the maskers. But there is no evidence that the two wore masks, and as they belonged to the household we have given them their entry at the beginning of the scene; Antonio's masking is irregular, though in keeping with his character (cf. note 5. 1. 82). The tradition of these impromptu masquerades, so common in Tudor England, was that a party of maskers, generally composed of men only, invaded a friend's house at a time of revelry and danced with the ladies, who were of course unmasked. This is what occurs in *Hen. VIII*, 1. 4. (an incident founded upon history) and in *Rom.* 1. 4.; 1. 5.—scenes which help materially to the understanding of the one before us. The essence of the situation was that there should be two groups, one (the intruders) with, and the other (the household) without, masks. During the pause after supper, taken up by Beatrice's comments upon marriage, Don Pedro and his party have gone to their quarters, we must suppose, to assume their disguises. Cf. E. K. Chambers, *Mediaeval Stage*, ch. xvii. Boas is in general agreement with our arrangement, but refuses to give a visor to the melancholy Don John.

77–8. *walk a bout* Q. 'walke about' Cf. *Rom.* 1. 5. 18–19 'Ladies that haue their toes/Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:' (Q2), Q1 reading 'haue about' and most mod. edd. 'have a bout' v. G. 'bout.' This walking 'bout' would seem to be the first movement of some country dance, like 'Sellinger's Round,' which is thus described (Sh. Eng. ii. 442): 'The dancers take hands, go round twice and back again; then all set, turn, and repeat; then lead all forward, and back, and repeat; two singles and back,

set and turn single and repeat; arms all and repeat.' Clearly in this scene 'the dancers take hands' and 'go round,' before they 'set.' If this preliminary 'walk' were unaccompanied by music, it would obviously be very useful for dramatic purposes.

85–6. *God defend the lute* etc., i.e. 'God forbid that your face should be as homely and as coarse as your mask' (Theobald). The masks were grotesques.

87–8. *My visor...love.* Blakeway first pointed out that these are two fourteeners, the metre of Golding's *Ovid.* Dyce comments: 'But are the lines Shakespeare's own or taken (at least partly) from some poem of the time which has perished? To me they read like a quotation.' We suggest that they are relics of the old play.

88. *thatched* v. G. 'thatched' and 'Philemon.'

89, 92, 94, 97, 100. *Borachio* v. p. 95. Q. 'Bene.' (89, 92, 94), 'Balth.' (97, 100). It should be noted that the difference may correspond with different compositors. The first two 'Bene.' speech-headings occur at the foot of sig. B4 recto, which concludes with 'Bene.' as the catch-word. Now if a second compositor began his stint at the top of sig. B4 verso, he might in perplexity refer to the catch-word and read 'Bene.' at l. 94, but when he came to ll. 97 and 100 he would use his own judgment.

132. *in the fleet* Q. 'in the Fleete'—the capital letter leading some to suppose that Beatrice refers to the Fleet prison, an interpretation which would deprive us of a pretty picture of the couples sailing round the room.

142. S.D. Q. 'Dance exeunt' F. 'Exeunt./Muſicke for the dance.' The F. compositor transposed the order inadvertently, because the prompter's addition was written in the margin.

143. *Sure my brother* etc. It is clear from 1. 3. that Don John was perfectly acquainted with the facts of the case. He is, therefore, deliberately lying here in order

to arouse Claudio's jealousy. (The Borachio-Margaret plot is, of course, not laid until 2. 2.) Borachio's aside, though natural enough as a reply to Don John, was probably inserted by Shakespeare in order to make quite clear to the audience that the masked figure was Claudio.

158. S.D. Q. 'exeunt: manet Clau.'

159–69. *Thus answer I* etc. We believe that this scrap of end-stopped verse belonged to the old play. It will be noticed that Claudio's sudden jealousy of Don Pedro is somewhat inadequately motived. Indeed, the mistaken idea that the Prince is in love with Hero, under which Leonato, Antonio, Claudio, and Benedick all labour for a time, seems to have little point in the received text and was probably made much more of in the older version.

169. S.D. Q. 'Enter Benedicke.'

174. *willow* v. G.

176–77. *usurer's chain...lieutenant's scarf* i.e. are you going to make capital out of this by claiming preferment from the Prince in return for your loss, or shall you challenge him to a duel?

180. *drover* Q. 'Drouier'—a common sp. of the period.

184. *like the blind man* etc. Obviously a reference to some current story, which the commentators have not been able to trace.

186. *If it will not be* etc., i.e. if it will not be as I ask, etc.

S.D. Q. 'exit.'

192. *base, the bitter* (Johnson) Q. 'bafe (though bitter)' The Q. reading is not intelligible. Probably the compositor took 'the' for 'tho'

194. S.D. Q. 'Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade.' F. 'Enter the Prince.' We suppose that 'Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade' belong to the earlier version, since they have

nothing to do here in the received text. They might indeed be eavesdropping from the gallery, but there is no necessity for this, seeing that the situation at the end of 2. 1., when Hero and Claudio enter the banquet-room together, would tell them all. But in the earlier text the eavesdropping may have been necessary (cf. note 1. 1. 192). The only drawback to this interpretation is that 'and Conrade,' coming after 'and Borachio,' looks like an addition, though it may of course have been added before the revision of 1598–9. Most mod. edd. follow F. and read 'Re-enter Don Pedro,' making Hero and Leonato enter with Beatrice and Claudio at l. 243 (v. note). We prefer to follow Q. since (i) it is natural that the Prince, who went out with Leonato, should return in triumph, with him and Hero, to look for Claudio, (ii) it is very awkward to make Hero and Claudio enter together, (iii) Claudio had obviously not gone into the banquet, since Beatrice had been sent to find him. Nevertheless the entries in this scene are not easy to arrange and were clearly left in some confusion at the time of revision, as the prompter's alterations in the F. tacitly acknowledge. Boas reads 'Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato,' pointing out that Benedick speaks of '*this* young lady' (l. 200).

195. *count* Q. 'Counte'—possibly a misprint for 'Countie'; if so Don Pedro speaks a line of verse.

198–99. *a lodge in a warren* 'Such a lodge is necessarily a lonely dwelling, and solitariness breeds melancholy' (Aldis Wright).

215. *teach them to sing* i.e. the young birds in the nest.

219. *The Lady Beatrice* This sudden change of subject suggests the insertion of new matter in order to give 'fat' to Benedick.

228–29. *a man at a mark* v. G. 'mark.'

232. *to the north star* i.e. to the furthest bounds of space.

237–38. *Ate in good apparel* Cf. *Faerie Queene*, IV. i. 17. N.B. Bk iv. of *The Faerie Queene* was not published until the autumn of 1596.

238. *some scholar* Elizabethan spirits were accustomed to be addressed in Latin. Cf. *Errors*, G. 'conjurer.'

240. *live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary* i.e. 'hell itself becomes a sanctuary, in comparison with her presence' (Furness).

242. *so indeed all disquiet* etc., 'so completely do disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her to earth and leave hell free' (Boas).

follow (Pope) Q. 'followes'

243. S.D. Q. 'Enter Claudio and Beatrice.' F. 'Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.' The position of the 'and' in F. indicates that 'Leonato, Hero' had been added by the prompter to the Q. text. Cf. note l. 194 above.

256. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

259–62. *Indeed my lord...I have lost it.* 'Enough is here told to explain Benedick's first greeting to Beatrice as "Lady Disdain." Between the lines there can almost be discerned the plot of another play' (Furness). The words certainly suggest a previous love-passage of some kind between Beatrice and Benedick; possibly the matter was clearer in the old play.

267. *whom you sent me to seek* We have not been told before that Beatrice had been sent to seek for Claudio; but the words neatly explain her presence, and we believe that Shakespeare wrote them to that end, just as we think he wrote ll 316–19 below to get her 'off' again. In short, the suggestion is that Beatrice did not appear originally here at all. But what a blessed intrusion she is!

284. *all grace* i.e. God. Cf. *All's Well*, 2. 1. 163 'The great'st grace lending grace.'

293. *fool* v. G. 294. *windy side* v. G.

297. *Good Lord, for alliance!* Beatrice retorts to Claudio's 'cousin'; 'alliance' = relationship by marriage.

297–98. *goes...to the world* v. G. 'world.' *sun-burnt* v. G.

299. *heigh-ho for a husband* v. G. 'heigh-ho.'

311. *out o'* Q. 'out a'

316–19. *Niece, will you look* etc. Here we have a device for getting Beatrice off the stage, in order that the plot against her may be laid. Cf. note l. 267 above.

319. S.D. Q. 'exit Beatrice.'

323. *euen* (anon. conj.) Q. 'euer' The improvement effected by this reading is so great, and the difference between 'euen' and 'euer' is palaeographically so small, that we have not hesitated to adopt the conjecture.

364. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

2. 2.

As this scene contains the 'slip' about Margaret calling Borachio by Claudio's name (v. pp. 106–107), we attribute it to the revision of 1598–9.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Iohn and Borachio.' N.B. This S.D. would be superfluous if the entry for 'Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade' at 2. 1. 194 were correct.

5. *medicinable* (F.) Q. 'medcinable' We get the same sp. in *Troil.* 1. 3. 91, and 'medcin' or 'medcine' occurs several times in the Qq.

33–7. *intend a kind of zeal...discovered thus* Q. places 'as in love...made this match' in brackets, which does not make the passage any less clumsy. Yet, if we transfer 'in love of your brother's honour...semblance of a maid' to the end of the sentence, thus bringing 'as' and 'that' together, the passage runs easily enough; so easily indeed that we believe Shakespeare intended this order, the clauses being mixed by the compositor who was probably faced with a MS tangle in the margin at this point of the 'copy.' Dr W. W. Greg

(privately) suggests that the words 'that you have discovered thus' (i.e. found out thus) should be read immediately after 'Hero loves me,' and this would also give good sense.

41. *hear Margaret* Q. 'heare Marg.' The abbreviation clearly derives from the MS.

term me Claudio v. pp. 105–107.

53. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

2. 3.

We suggest that all this scene belongs to 1598–9, except 21 lines of blank verse (36–56) and perhaps the song. A little slip as to 'time' supports the theory that the prose was written on a different occasion from the verse. At l. 37 (verse) we are told it is 'evening'; at l. 206 (prose) we learn that 'dinner is ready': now the Elizabethans dined at 11.30 or noon, so that the clock has gone back during the scene. The presence, however, of the verse, which might well belong to the same period as *The Two Gentlemen*, proves that there was some kind of scene in which Benedick was hoodwinked in the early play.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Benedicke alone.'

4. *in the orchard* Thus does Shakespeare carefully define the locality at the outset, so as to prepare the audience for the arbour-business. It is probably for this reason alone that he introduces the boy, who goes out never to return.

5. *I am here already*. Cf. *Temp.* 5. 1. 102–103.

7. S.D. Q. 'exit.'—after l. 5.

19–20. *turned orthography* Rowe, followed by many edd. including Craig, reads 'turned orthographer'; but cf. 'turn sonnet' (*L.L.L.* 1. 2. 191). The passage, taken in conjunction with Holofernes' remarks upon spelling (*L.L.L.* 5. 1. 21–7), gives us Shakespeare's attitude towards the innovations of his day which in ours have become the badge of respectability.

24. *made an oyster* (F.) Q. 'made and oyſter'

26. *well: another* Q. 'well, an other' 29. *certain: wise* Q. 'certain, wiſe' *none:* Q. 'none,' 31. *her: mild* Q. 'her, mild' *me: noble* Q. 'me, noble' v. G. 'noble.' 32. *angel: of* Q. 'angell, of'

35. S.D. Q. 'Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Muſicke.' F. 'Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.' The change in the F. clearly shows the prompter's hand at work, Jack Wilson being the name of a player who took the part of Balthazar. Rimbault (*Who was Jack Wilson?* 1846) identifies this player with Dr John Wilson, who was born in 1595 and became in 1656 professor of music in the university of Oxford. He was apparently the 'Mr. Wilson, the singer' who attended Edward Alleyn's wedding dinner in 1623. He was constituted a 'Gentleman of the Chapel Royal' in 1626; and in his book of *Cheerful Ayres* (1660) he prints a musical setting of his own for Autolycus' 'Lawn as white as driven snow.' There are other claimants to Balthazar's part, but Rimbault's man seems the most likely. He cannot, of course, have been acting as early as 1599. Cf. D.N.B.

36–56. Note that this verse-section (for which v. head-note) begins and ends with broken lines, as if the surrounding context had once been verse also.

41. *hid-fox* (Warburton) Q. 'kid-fox' Capell, who follows Warburton, quotes *Ham.* 4. 2. 33 'Hide fox, and all after,' which is obviously a reference to a children's game. Cf. also *L.L.L.* 4. 3. 78 'All hid, all hid; an old infant play.' We adopt this reading with the less hesitation that the misprint 'shill' for 'skill' (1. 2. 25) proves the compositor's case to have been slightly 'foul,' the *h* and *k* type having become mixed. For 'pennyworth' v. G.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Balthaſer with muſicke.' F. omits. The Q. S.D. is virtually a repetition of the 'Muſicke' at l. 35; such duplication being common in dramatic

MSS, more especially when they have been subject to revision. Cf. *Errors*, p. 73.

43. *so bad a voice* Mr Richmond Noble, whose forthcoming *Shakespeare's Use of Song* is now in the press, suggests (privately) that the song was taken by an ordinary actor, and that Balthazar's self-depreciation and the Prince's replies were intended to disarm criticism on the part of the audience for such an innovation, as it then was. If so, the innovation probably belonged to the early play, not to the 1598–9 revision, since the Balthazar dialogue in this scene is in verse and is presumably early, while the appearance of his name in the S.D. at 1. 1. 90 suggests that he played a larger part in the older version, which would require a trained actor.

45. *It is...excellency* The F. finishes a page with this line, and gives the catch-word of the next line 'To.' But 'To' happens to be the first word of l. 44, and the compositor begins the next page with 'To slander music' etc., ll. 44–5 being repeated. An accident of this kind is of little consequence when it leads to repetition; but it is worth noting, since in other circumstances it might lead to omission, when the results would be serious.

56. *Note notes* No one has satisfactorily explained this. Surely 'note' = he knows not, i.e. 'he pretends not to know his notes or anything.' There is of course a second quibble on 'nothing' (noting).

61–76. Q. heads Balthazar's song 'The Song,' and gives no speech-heading. N.B. Claudio and the Prince had chosen this song carefully. Its theme leads up to the talk concerning Beatrice, and it was evidently intended to put Benedick into a receptive frame of mind, which it does.

83. *lief* (F.) Q. 'liue' This sp. recurs in *Ham.* 3. 2. 4, and we get 'lieue' and 'leeue' elsewhere in the Qq.

86. *Yea, marry.* The words, as Capell noted, are the end of the conversation apart with Claudio and Leonato, the subject of which is clear from what follows.

88–9. *to-morrow night...chamber-window.* 'What becomes of this serenade on which such emphasis is laid, and of which we hear no more? It may have taken place early in the evening before the midnight interview of Margaret and Borachio' (Furness). We suggest the possibility that the serenade and the Margaret-Borachio incident formed one scene in the older version, a scene which Shakespeare threw overboard in 1598–9.

91. S.D. Q. 'Exit Balthaſar.'

95. *stalk on* etc. v. G.

124. *He hath ta'en* etc. This speech, with its contractions, was surely intended originally for a line of verse.

134. *in her smock* v. G. 'night-gown.'

137. *told us of* (F.) Q. 'told of vs'

139–40. *between the sheet* Cf. *Two Gent.* 1.2.123–29.

149. *prays, curses* Halliwell suggested the transposition of these words, which would certainly be an improvement.

186. *And I take him* etc. F. gives this to 'Leon.,' and as there seems no conceivable reason, theatrical or otherwise, for the change, it must be set down to the compositor.

187. *Hector* v. G.

206. *dinner is ready* This is incompatible with 'evening' (l. 37), v. head-note above.

215. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.' F. supplies it.

227. *reprove it:* Q. 'reproue it,'

238. S.D. Q. 'Enter Beatrice.'—at l. 240.

241. *Against* (F.) Q. 'Aganſt'

249. *knife's* Q. 'kniues'

250, 257. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

3. 1.

This is one of the few instances in the F. where an act-division seems really convenient. The preceding scene, in which Balthazar is bidden to be ready with music at Hero's chamber-window 'to-morrow night' (l. 88), must take place at least two days before the wedding. In 3. 1. Hero tells us that she is to be married 'to-morrow' (l. 101). Further, it is clear in 3. 2. that at least a day must have elapsed since the deception of Benedick in 2. 3., seeing that he has had time to change his costume, to undergo treatment at the hands of the barber, and to be observed brushing his hat 'a mornings.' Finally, a 'dinner' has clearly commenced at the end of 2. 3., so that it is awkward to have Hero, her maids, and Beatrice in the orchard at the beginning of 3. 1. if the two scenes are continuous. An audience would not notice these things perhaps if scenes 2. 3. and 3. 1. were played continuously, as we believe them to have been in Shakespeare's day; but this text is intended for the reader, and we insert the words 'A day passes' to make all clear. Probably the telescoping of the time was due to hasty revision, by which some interval-scene was omitted between 2. 3. and 3. 1.

The first scene wholly in verse, 3. 1. contains 116 lines, 92 of which are end-stopped, and terminates with a ten-line stanza composed of quatrains and a couplet in the manner often found in *Romeo and Juliet*. The whole is, to our mind, primitive Shakespearian verse; and we cannot believe, for example, that l. 110, 'No glory lives behind the back of such,' with its forced rhyme, was being written by him in 1598. On the other hand, it should be noted that there are some 27 double-endings, a figure which is perhaps responsible for the statistical critics failing to notice the early character of the verse.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrſley.' The form 'Vrſley' seems to be derived from Hero's diminutive use in l. 4 of the text. Perhaps the names were abbreviated in the MS and the compositor expanded them by glancing at the opening lines. Cf. note 2. 2. 41. S.D. F. reads 'Vrſula' for 'Vrſley'

9–11. *like favourites...bred it* Furnivall discovered in these lines a reference to Essex, who, confined by Elizabeth after his unfortunate Irish campaign, was released on Aug. 26, 1600, and began to plot against her. As *Much Ado* was entered in the Stat. Reg. on Aug. 23, 1600, the dates seem fatal to the theory; moreover, we think it very unlikely that Shakespeare would pen lines unfavourable to the Essex party, of which Southampton was an ardent member. Nevertheless, the lines look like an afterthought; remove them and the context loses nothing, while it may not be fanciful to detect a more mature style in them than in the surrounding verse.

14. S.D. Q. omits 'exit.'

23. S.D. Q. 'Enter Beatrice.'—after l. 25.

42. *wrestle* Q. 'wraſtle'

45. *at full* (Boas) Q. 'as full'—which is not intelligible.

65. *agate* Q. 'agot'—a Shakespearian sp.

72. *nor to be* (Capell) Q. 'not to be' 'The word "not" here is redundant and reverses the sense' (Staunton).

100. *When are you married, madam?* The abruptness of the question, and the broken line of verse, almost certainly denote abridgment.

101. *every day to-morrow!* Capell remarks: 'This reply is a levity, indicating her rais'd spirits; they are quickly to have a tumble.'

104. Q. prints this in two lines, dividing at 'you/We' Possibly the cause is abridgment. Cf. *Meas.* 2. 2. 83–4; 4. 6. 12, 15 (notes).

106. S.D. Q. omits 'exeunt.' F. reads 'Exit.'

107–16. *What fire is in mine ears* etc. Cf. head-note above.

116. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

3. 2.

This prose-scene was probably written in 1598–9. It contains no obvious traces of the old play, except possibly in the last four lines.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.' For *the parlour* v. note ll. 70–1 below.

6–7. *as to show a child...wear it* Steevens quotes *Rom.* 3. 2. 28–31 'So tedious is this day/As is the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them.'

22. *Hang it!* A quibbling reference to the barber's practice of hanging extracted teeth upon a lute-string in the window of his shop. Cf. *Meas.* G. 'forfeits' and McKerrow, *Nashe*, iii. 7 'a rotten tooth that hangs out at thy shop window.' Claudio, in reply, of course quibbles upon 'hanging, drawing and quartering.'

25. *a humour or a worm* Furness quotes *Batman vppon Bartholome*: 'The cause of such aking is humours that come downe from the head....Wormes breede in the cheeke-teeth of rotted humours that be in the holownesse thereof.'

26. *can* (Pope) Q. 'cannot'

31–4. *or in the shape...no doublet* F. omits this, v. p. 157.

34. *no doublet* i.e. 'all cloak' (Malone).

50. *The greatest note* etc. Q. gives this speech to 'Bene.' F. restores it to 'Prin.'—an obvious correction which a compositor might easily make.

51. *wash his face* v. G. 'wash.'

54–5. *new-crept...now governed* (Boas conj.) Q. 'now crept...now gouernd' Walker suggested and most mod. edd. read 'now crept...new-governed'; but Boas'

conjecture is clearly the better. An *o*:*e* misprint, v. T.I. p. xlii. For 'govern,' 'stops,' v. G.

63. *buried with her face upwards* Steevens quotes *Wint.* 4. 4. 131–32 'Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,/But quick and in mine arms.'

67. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.'

70–1. *Hero...parts with Beatrice* Claudio's 'by this' seems to imply that scenes 3. 1. and 3. 2. are supposed to be contemporaneous. We have therefore placed 3. 2. in 'the parlour,' following Hero's hint at 3. 1. 1.

72. S.D. Q. 'Enter Iohn the Baſtard.'

74. *Good-den* This marks the time of the scene as afternoon.

80. *What's the matter?* Q. gives this to 'Prince.' Capell conj. that it rightly belongs to Claudio. Furness agrees that this is 'highly probable,' noting that Claudio would naturally feel surprise that the private matter concerned him, that Don John's 'Means your lordship' etc. seems to be a rejoinder to some remark by Claudio, and that Don Pedro has the same question at l. 94 and would not be likely to repeat himself.

90–1. *For my brother...hath holp* Q. 'for my brother (I thinke, he holdes you well, and in deareneſſe of heart) hath holpe' Rowe discarded the brackets which show us the compositor attempting to make sense of unpunctuated 'copy.'

100. *every man's Hero* N.B. 'Hero' = the type of loyalty in love (cf. note 4. 1. 78), but Don John sneers; he means 'a common stale.'

107. *her then, to-morrow* (Hanmer) Q. 'her, then to morrow'

116. *her to-morrow, in the congregation,* (Rowe) Q. 'her to morrow in the congregation,' Capell and others read 'her; to-morrow, in the congregation,'

123–26. These lines look like the end of a verse-scene.

126. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.' F. reads 'Exit.'

3. 3.

The scene contains no revision clues and was probably written in 1598–9, though there must have been some scene in the earlier version for the discovery of Borachio's plot.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the Watch.' The word 'compartner' appears nowhere else in Shakespeare.

9. *desertless* Q. 'deſartleſſe'—which all edd. follow—is a Shakespearian sp. Cf. *Son.* 49. 10 'deſart.'

11–12. *Hugh Oatcake...write and read.* The names 'Oatcake' and 'Seacoal' (i.e. imported coal, v. G.) suggest that the men were dealers in these commodities; hence their 'writing and reading.' George Seacoal is not the same as the 'Francis Seacoal' mentioned at 3. 5. 53–4 (v. note).

37. *We will rather sleep* etc. This and the subsequent watchmen's speeches up to l. 157 are headed 'Watch' in Q. We have assigned them to '2 Watchman,' since it is clear that they belong to George Seacoal, to whom Dogberry gives his charge and who would take the lead in dealing with Conrade and Borachio.

77. *statutes* So Q. F. 'Statues' Most edd. follow F. and Furness describes it as 'unquestionably Dogberry's own word, let the reading of the Q., or of innumerable Quartos, be what it may.' The F. reading is attractive; but we are certain it is nothing more than a compositor's slip. v. p. 156. Boas, like us, follows Q.

92. S.D. Q. 'exeunt./Enter Borachio and Conrade.'

102. *like a true drunkard* i.e. 'in vino veritas.' Steevens points out that 'Borachio' is derived from a Spanish word meaning 'drunkard,' so that the man may be quibbling on his name, though he had assuredly been drinking.

105. *Don John* Q. 'Dun Iohn' Cf. p. 95.

122. *Deformed* Cf. 5. 1. 301. It is difficult not to

believe that we have here some allusion explicable to Shakespeare's audience, though lost to us. F. G. Fleay (*Introd. to Shakespearian Study*) identified the Deformed with Shakespeare himself, presumably in connexion with *Son.* 37. 3! For a more plausible, though to us unconvincing, theory that Anthony Munday is alluded to, v. J. Spens, *Shakespeare and Tradition*, pp. 26–31.

132. *the shaven Hercules* v. G. 'Hercules.'

143. *I tell this tale vilely* Borachio is clearly drunk. Note the pointless repetition of 'my master' and the alliterative 'planted and placed and possessed.' Shakespeare also provides him with plenty of sibilants to slur.

158. *We charge you* etc. Q. assigns this to 'Watch 1' and the next speech to 'Watch 2.' But it is evident that Seacoal, the Constable of the watch, should do the arresting, while another watchman would appropriately suggest that 'the right Master Constable' should be called up. In the same way the third speech beginning 'And one Deformed' should surely go to Seacoal, who had first identified this 'vile thief' and not to 'Watch 1' as the Q. reads. Apparently Shakespeare, having originally labelled Seacoal '2 Watch' because he spoke second, now labels him '1 Watch' because he is the leader of the band.

168–70. Q. reads '*Conr.* Maſters, neuer ſpeake, we charge you, let vs obey you to go with vs.' Theobald first distributed the speeches as we print them.

173. *A commodity in question* v. G. 'question.'

174. S.D. Q. 'exeunt.'

3. 4.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrſula.' The duplication of 'and' suggests that the original S.D. read 'Enter Hero, and Margaret' and that Ursula was introduced into the scene on revision. She is at once despatched to fetch Beatrice, which in turn suggests that Beatrice did not originally appear in the scene and

that the introduction of Ursula was part of the machinery for getting Beatrice 'on.' In a word, we believe that the whole scene was recast in 1598–9.

5. S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

6. *rebato* v. G. Hanmer reads 'rabato,' and most edd. follow. The word is derived from the Fr. 'rabat,' but this does not seem a sufficient reason for altering the common 16th cent. sp. in English.

8, 17. *By my troth's* Note Margaret's rapid delivery.

12. *the new tire within* Deighton interprets 'the tire in the inner room,' which is the sense we favour; Furness explains 'the inner trimming of hair upon the head-dress.'

17. *in respect* (F.) Q. 'it refpect' For 'night-gown' v. G.

19–20. *set with pearls* etc. The meaning is not clear and Sh. Eng. gives no help. R. G. White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*) writes: 'The dress was made after a fashion which is illustrated in many old portraits. Beside a sleeve which fitted more or less closely to the arm and extended to the wrist [the down-sleeve], there was another for ornament, which hung from the shoulder, wide and open [the side-sleeve].' The explanation of 'side-sleeve' seems certain; but N.E.D. gives no support for 'down-sleeve.' It is safer therefore to take the whole passage, as Capell does, to be connected with the pearls; i.e. the pearls extended down the sleeves (= the real ones), the side-sleeves and the skirts, and were underborne with (= stitched on to) strips of blue tinsel to set them off; '*round* underborne' seems to imply that the pearls encircled sleeves and skirt in a series of rings.

30. *saving your reverence* v. G.

35. S.D. Q. 'Enter Beatrice.' 38. *tune* v. G.

40–1. *that goes without a burden* i.e. we can sing it without male parts. Cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 2. 82–4.

42. *Yea, light o' love with your heels* (Capell) Q. 'Ye Light aloue with your heels' Beatrice calls Margaret a light-heeled light o' love. v. G. 'heels,' 'barn.'

50. *For a hawk* etc. v. G. 'heigh-ho.'

51. *H* 'ache' was pronounced 'aitch' at this period.

52. *an you be not turned Turk* etc., i.e. if you do not play the renegade (and fall in love) there is nothing certain on earth.

66–7. *you should wear it in your cap* i.e. as the fool does his coxcomb.

71. *thistle* v. G. 'Carduus Benedictus.'

73. *moral* v. G.

83. *eats his meat without grudging* i.e. he hath an appetite like any other man. Cf. 'you look with your eyes as other women do.'

87. *false gallop* v. G. S.D. Q. 'Enter Vrſula.'

92. S.D. Q. omits 'exeunt.'

3. 5.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.' The duplication of 'and' suggests that Verges was an addition to the scene. Note also that up to l. 45 all Dogberry's speeches are headed 'Conſt. Dog.' in Q., the 'Dog.' being presumably a later insertion to distinguish one constable from another. The deduction is, therefore, that we have here an original scene revised in 1598–9. For 'Headborough' v. p. 96, and cf. G.

9. *a little off* (Capell) Q. 'a little of' The Qq. constantly print 'of' for 'off' and it was, we think, clearly a Shakespearian sp. Cf. notes 4.2.67–8; 5.1.97.

11–12. *honest, as the skin between his brows* v. G. 'skin between his brows.'

19. *the poor duke's officers* Cf. *Meas.* 2. 1. 46–7 'I am the poor duke's constable.'

35. *God's a good man* v. G.

49. S.D. Q. which gives no entry for 'Messenger' prints 'exit' here, apparently for Leonato.

53–4. *Francis Seacoal* As we are told (3. 3. 12) that the Second Watchman, George Seacoal, 'can write

and read,' it is natural to suppose that this 'learned writer' Francis is the same man and that Shakespeare has forgotten his Christian name meanwhile, just as he forgets that of Master Page in *M.W.W.*, calling him now Thomas and now George. Yet when Francis Seacoal appears in 4. 2. we find that he is quite a different person. He is a parish clerk, who has evidently not been present at the arrest of Borachio and Conrade, and his speech has none of the mannerisms which distinguish that of George. The confusion gives us an amusing glimpse into the working of Shakespeare's mind when carrying through a hasty revision. Presumably George and Francis were originally one. But when Shakespeare came across a Seacoal in 3. 5. he had forgotten about the Seacoal in 3. 3. (the name is only mentioned twice, and at the beginning of the scene). Accordingly, with a forward glance to 4. 2. which would doubtless be already shaping itself in his mind, he re-christens him 'Francis' and makes him into a 'learned' sexton.

60. S.D. Q. gives no 'exeunt.' F. supplies one.

4. 1.

The first 21 lines of this scene, which are in prose, possibly represent an abridgment of a longer opening in the old play, wherein perhaps Friar Francis was not so 'brief.' The verse seems quite early; it contains several broken lines and one confused passage (ll. 154–57) which is clearly due to a 'cut' (v. pp. 97–9). After l. 253, when Beatrice and Benedick are left alone, the scene returns to prose, as we should expect. Probably this last prose-section is an addition, since the verse ends with a quatrain which would naturally mark the close of a scene.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.' We should expect 'Innogen' at the wedding of her daughter;

possibly therefore this S.D. does not derive from the older version. Note that Borachio and Margaret are absent.

11. *inward* v. G.

20–1. *interjections...ah! ha! he!* v. G. 'interjections.'

48–9. *You will say...'forehand sin* Cf. *Meas.* 4. 1. 71–2 'He is your husband on a pre-contract:/To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,' and G. (ibid.) 'pre-contract.'

50. *No, Leonato,* broken line, printed with l. 49 by Q.

55. *Out on the seeming* (Knight) Q. 'Out on thee feeming' Pope read 'thy' for 'thee' and this was accepted by all 18th cent. edd. Mod. edd., following a conj. by Seymour, generally read 'Out on thee! Seeming!' In our view, the direct 'Out on thee!' is too familiar for Claudio's mood at this juncture, especially as the next line begins 'You,' while the generalised 'the seeming' leads naturally on to 'I will write against it.' Shakespeare commonly spelt 'thee' as 'the', and 'the' is printed for 'thee' eighteen times in the Qq.

write against it v. G.

56. *seem* Malone believed that 'Shakespeare probably wrote "seemd".'

67. *This looks* etc. This aside of Benedick's is a broken line. We suggest that it was added in 1598–9 to keep the audience alive to Benedick's presence on the stage.

78. *answer truly to your name* A reference of course to the Catechism, and to the fact that Hero, Leander's lover, was the classical type of loyal love.

91. *liberal* v. G.

93–5. *A thousand times* etc. Many edd. divide 'A thousand...Fie, fie! they are/Not to be...spoke of.' The broken lines in the Q. are probably due to abridgment.

97. *Thus, pretty lady* This abrupt transition suggests a 'cut.'

99. *what a Hero* etc. v. note l. 78 above.

101. *the thoughts* (Rowe) Q. 'thy thoughts'—the compositor's eye probably caught 'thy outward' immediately above.

103. *Thou pure impiety* etc. Cf. *Rom.* 3. 2. 75–85 'Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!' etc.

105. *conjecture* v. G.

111, 116. broken lines. Q. gives no 'exeunt' at l. 111.

121. *The story...blood* i.e. 'the story which her blushes discover to be true' (Johnson).

126–28. *Grieved I, I had but one* etc. Cf. *Rom.* 3. 5. 165–68 'Wife, we scarce thought us blest/That God had lent us but this only child;/But now I see this one is one too much,/And that we have a curse in having her.' Leonato has many resemblances to Capulet; here he speaks with his very accent.

137. *not mine*, Q. 'not mine:'

138–39. *fallen into a pit of ink* The bookish conceit, reminiscent of Juliet's 'Was ever book containing such vile matter/So fairly bound?' (*Rom.* 3. 2. 83–4), belongs to Shakespeare's early period. Cf. note 1. 1. 290.

143. *Sir, sir, be patient.* This portion of Benedick's speech completes the broken line, 142, but Q. prints the whole speech as prose, though mod. edd. attempt to arrange it as verse. We suspect abridgment of a longer verse-speech in the older version.

154–56. *Hear me a little...fortune* v. pp. 97–9. Boas attempts to justify the Q. text by taking 'only' as an adj. (=alone). If so, the construction is unique with Shakespeare, who never uses 'only' adjectively except before a substantive. Cf. 'the only love-gods,' 2. 1. 362–63.

158. *A thousand blushing apparitions* etc. Cf. *Errors*, 4. 2. 6 'his heart's meteors tilting in his face.'

166. *The tenour of my book*, 'i.e. of what I have read' (Malone).

185–88. This verse-speech of Benedick's, together

with that at ll. 243–48 below, proves that he took some part in the earlier version of this scene.

196–97. *kind...mind* This rhyme and that at ll. 214–15 (accused...excused) below suggest the possibility that even in the early version Shakespeare was revising a still earlier text. Cf. pp. 102–103.

201. *the princes left for dead* (Theobald) Q. 'the princeſſe (left for dead)' Shakespeare would spell 'princess' as 'princes' (cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 178), avoiding as was his wont final *ss* or *sse*, but here the compositor has taken 'princes' for 'princess'—wrongly, and has punctuated the passage accordingly. Cf. *Temp.* 1. 2. 173 (note).

205. *your family's old monument* Cf. the 'Capels' monument' in *Romeo and Juliet.*

211. *dream I on this* This somewhat conceited use of 'dream on' (= think of) is found three times in *Two Gent.* (2. 4. 170; 2. 7. 64; 4. 4. 79), but nowhere else apparently in Shakespeare.

236. *But if all aim but this* etc., i.e. 'but if we should not in any other respect hit the mark' (Deighton), 'but this' referring to 'the supposition.'

248. *flow* P. A. Daniel conj. 'float' and quotes *Rom.* (Q1) 3. 5. 132–33 'For this thy body which I term a bark,/Still floating in thy ever-falling tears.' But v. G.

249. broken line.

250–53. Note this quatrain in Shakespeare's early manner, which seems intended to terminate the scene.

253. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

263. *A very even way* etc., i.e. the way is plain enough but the friend is lacking.

274. *swear, and eat it* F. 'ſweare by it and eat it'—which many edd. follow. Beatrice is not suggesting that Benedick may swallow his sword but that he may eat his words. This is clear from l. 276.

282. *in a happy hour* i.e. 'à la bonne heure' = fortunately, in good time.

315. *Count Comfect* v. G. 'comfect.'

318. *curtsies* Q. 'curſies' For some reason most edd. read 'courtesies,' though 'curſies' is the usual sp. for 'curtsies' in the Qq. *complement* v. G.

334. S.D. Q. omits 'exeunt.'

4. 2.

S.D. Q. 'Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.' The 'Towne clearke,' which means of course the parish clerk, is called the 'Sexton' in the speech-headings. Conrade and the Watch have been forgotten. The speech-headings of this scene have long been the subject of editorial comment. Dogberry's speeches are headed 'Keeper' (1), 'Andrew' (4), 'Kemp' (9, 26, 31, 36, 41, 44, 50, 56, 69, 73), 'Ke.' (12, 16), 'Kem.' (19), 'Conſtable' (66); Verges' speeches are headed 'Cowley' or 'Couley,' and once 'Conſt.' (51). The curious 'Keeper' may be explained as the compositor's attempt to make sense of 'Ke.' which later he more wisely left alone, while 'Andrew' (apparently) = merry-andrew or clown. 'Kemp' = William Kempe, who was the chief comic actor in Shakespeare's company until in or before 1602, when he joined Worcester's men. 'Cowley' = Richard Cowley, who was mentioned in the patent granted to the King's men in 1603. The occurrence of these names in the Q. proves that it was printed from a MS written for performance by the Chamberlain's men, i.e. from the prompt-book. Possibly 'Andrew' is a relic of Shakespeare's original speech-headings, the Kempe and Cowley headings being inserted by the prompter. v. p. 96.

2. *a stool and a cushion* i.e. for the writing. Shakespeare is represented writing on a cushion in his bust at Stratford.

5. *exhibition* v. G.

14. *a gentleman* 'Conrade is insulted at being called "sirrah"' (Boas).

18–21. *Yea, sir, we hope...villains* v. p. 157.

36. *eftest* Conceivably a misprint of 'eſteſt' (= pleasantest) but N.E.D. quotes no instance later than 1300.

65. S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

67–8. *Let them be...coxcomb!* (Brae) Q. '*Couley.* Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.' Warburton first saw that there were two speeches here and not one. Clearly the compositor, confused by the abbreviations 'Cou.' and 'Con.' in his copy, as he was at l. 72 below, combined the two. Most edd. read 'bands' for 'hands,' until Brae restored the Q. words, with the addition of a comma, and satisfactorily explained it thus: 'Verges, to assert his share of authority, repeats Dogberry's order; and that he may originate something from himself, he tacks to it the superfluous addition.' For 'of' (= off) cf. notes 3. 5. 9; 5. 1. 97. 'To pinion the hands' was a common 16th cent. expression, v. N.E.D. 'pinion' vb. 2. Boas reads 'Let them be in the bands' and takes the words as part of Dogberry's speech. But what follows is more humorous if the 'coxcomb' and the 'ass' are addressed to each of the 'prince's officers' in turn. Dogberry is shocked at 'coxcomb'; he is beside himself at 'ass.' Boas states that 'there is no instance in Q. of a prefix being omitted'; but v. note 3. 3. 168–70.

72. Q. gives this to 'Couley,' the compositor reading 'Con.' as 'Cou.'

83. *losses* Despite the mountain of commentary which has been heaped up in defence of the Q. reading, there is a good deal to be said for Collier's emendation 'leases' (leses > loses > losses).

85. S.D. Q. 'exit.'

5. 1.

The first 108 ll. of this scene are in verse, ending with a muddle which is almost certainly due to abridgment (v. pp. 99–100). Benedick's entry, as we should expect, introduces a prose-section (ll. 109–200), though

it is to be noted that the first line of this is in verse and that it contains many other verse-fossils (v. note l. 109 et seq. below). A third section, in which prose and verse are mixed, begins with the entry of Dogberry, etc. We do not doubt that the scene was recast and the prose passages added or rewritten in 1598–9.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato and his brother.'

1. This halting line, with the repetition of 'yourself' in l. 3, suggests an abridgment of Antonio's opening speech.

10. *And bid him* etc. broken line.

16. *And—sorry wag—cry 'hem'* (Steevens) Q. 'And forrow, wagge, crie hem' Furness' *Variorum* contains two and a half pages of conjecture on this passage. Capell's 'Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!"' being the one usually adopted by mod. edd. To this there are two objections: (i) It is exceedingly unlikely that a compositor, seeing 'Bid' in his copy, would have set up 'And,' (ii) 'There is a smack of comicality about "wag" which is ineffaceable; it could hardly be worse had Leonato bid "sorrow toddle"!' (Furness). Steevens' reading, first suggested in 1778, was withdrawn in 1793, and no one except Marshall seems to have paid any attention to it. Yet it appears to us almost certainly correct. There is nothing comical about 'sorry wag' (i.e. pitiful jester) in the context; nor is 'sorrow' at all an impossible misprint for 'sorry,' since if Shakespeare wrote the word 'sorrie,' and formed his *ie* to look like a *w*, the compositor would be presented with 'sorrw' which he would naturally set up as 'sorrow.' Cf. Facs. 'power' (l. 4) and 'mātie' (l. 6).

20–31. *men can counsel...the like himself* Cf. the same idea, similarly expressed, in *Errors*, 2. 1. 33–41.

44. S.D. Q. 'Enter Prince and Claudio.'

52. short line, followed by long line, 53.

65. *bruise of many days* Cf. *Rom.* 2. 3. 37 'unbruised youth.'

67. *child*, Q. 'child.'

82. *Win me and wear me!* This may have been a current saying of the time. We imagine that Antonio draws his sword as he cries it aloud. Antonio, who slips out to don his mask in 2. 1., in order that he may dance with the ladies, and, after upbraiding Leonato for lack of patience, thus rounds upon Claudio, is an entertaining character.

97. *speak off* (Theobald) Q. 'ſpeake of' Cf. notes 3. 5. 9; 4. 2. 67–8. 99. broken line.

102. *wake your patience* Various emendations proposed, e.g. 'wrack' for 'wake' and 'passions' for 'patience.' But 'patience' = indulgence; the Prince is ironically polite: 'Gentlemen, we will not arouse—your kind forbearance!' which is surely delicious after Antonio's storm.

106–108. *My lord, my lord...smart for it.* v. pp. 99–100.

108. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt amb./Enter Ben.' F. 'Enter Benedicke' (l. 106), 'Exeunt ambo' (l. 107).

109 et seq. At Benedick's entry the scene suddenly changes into prose (v. head-note above); but there are indications that the dialogue had once been verse, e.g. ll. 109, 112–13 ('you are almost come to part almost a fray'), 116 ('Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou?'), 117–18 ('I doubt we should have been too young for them'), 119 ('In a false quarrel there is no true valour'), 131–32 ('What, courage, man: what though care killed a cat'), 133 ('Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career').

111. *Good day, my lord.* Q. 'Good day my Lord:' The colon is a pretty sure sign that Benedick's speech was longer in the earlier version. Dr W. W. Greg suggests (privately) that ll. 110–11 originally formed a line of verse and had been deliberately altered in revision. If so it probably first read:

Cla. Now, signior, what's the news?
Bene. Good day, my lord:

114. *We had liked* Q. 'Wee had likt'—a common form for 'we had like,' v. N.E.D. 'like' vb.[2] 2.

127–28. *I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels* Claudio and the Prince are 'high-proof melancholy,' and the former bids Benedick draw his wit from the scabbard, as the minstrel draws his lute from the case, in order to give them pleasure. They do not suspect that Benedick means his sword.

136–37. *staff...broke cross* v. G. 'career,' 'broke cross.'

140. *turn his girdle* v. G. 'girdle.'

152–54. *calf's-head...capon...woodcock* Types of stupidity.

161–62. *a wise gentleman* not explained. Steevens suggests that it is a variant of 'wise-acre'; Johnson interprets 'a wise gentle man.'

162. *hath the tongues* Cf. *Two Gent.* 4. 1. 33–4.

165. *there's two* (F.) Q. 'theirs two' The Qq. often confuse 'their' and 'there.'

174–75. *God...in the garden* Cf. *Gen.* iii. 8. Probably there was some other point also, now lost.

177. *horns on* (F.) Q. 'hornes one' Cf. note 1. 3. 51.

178. *text* v. G.

194–97. *What a pretty...doctor to such a man* A puzzling passage. Dr W. W. Greg suggests (privately) the following paraphrase: 'What an amusing thing is a man when he gets on his high horse and goes to fight in his doublet and hose, leaving off his wit with his cloak!... then he seems a hero in the eyes of a fool—but then in reality a fool were good medicine for him to make him laugh himself out of his humour.' For 'ape' = fool, v. N.E.D. 'ape' sb. 4.

200. S.D. Q. 'Enter Conſtables, Conrade, and Borachio.'—after l. 195. F. reads 'Conſtable' for 'Conſtables.' In Q. Dogberry's speeches are all headed 'Conſt.'; Verges' one speech 'Con. 2.' Cf. pp. 95–6.

202. *reasons* A quibble upon 'raisins'; cf. *Troil.* 2. 2. 33; 1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 264.

220. *well suited* i.e. in several dresses.

232. *in Hero's garments* We have not been told before of this essential element in the Borachio-Margaret plot, v. pp. 104–107.

238. Note the sudden change to verse.

241. *Yea* Omit this word and the line becomes verse; possibly Borachio's speech was longer before the revision.

251. S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato, his brother, and the Sexton.' F. 'Enter Leonato.' Despite the reference to the sexton in the text, the prompter cuts him out with Antonio, since neither of them speaks.

256. *Art thou the slave* F. 'Art thou thou the flaue' Furness writes: 'No exigencies of metre, were it violated far more grievously in this line than it is, could force me to forego the astonishment and utmost horror expressed by this repetition of "thou".' We are forced to forego it by the exigencies of textual propriety: there is only one 'thou' in Q. Cf. p. 156.

271. broken line.

283. *she alone is heir* 'This is part of Leonato's fiction. Antonio's son is mentioned in 1. 2. 2' (Boas). But 1. 2. is prose and the present passage verse, and Antonio may have been really childless in the old play.

288. *For henceforth* etc. Broken line. Keightley writes: 'It would seem that something had been lost at the end, the speech terminates so abruptly.'

301. *one Deformed* Cf. note 3. 3. 122.

309. *reverend* (F.) Q. 'reuerent'

311. *God save the foundation!* 'Such was the customary phrase employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses' (Steevens). Commentators seem to have missed the humour of this. The pressure of the coin on his palm brings the accustomed patter to Dogberry's lips, and shows how 'one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him' actually maintained himself. It is a finishing touch.

319. S.D. Q. omits 'exeunt.' F. supplies it after l. 320.

323–24. *Bring you...lewd fellow.* Q. prints these lines as prose. Possibly the few lines of verse at the end of the scene were copied out in the margin, or on a fresh sheet of paper, during the revision. Perhaps too the older version told us more about Margaret here.

324. S.D. Q. 'exeunt.'

5. 2.

We must suppose that this prose Beatrice-Benedick scene was written in 1598–9.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Benedicke and Margaret.' Pope fixed the locality of this scene as 'Leonato's House'; mod. edd. read 'Leonato's garden,' since the words 'yonder's old coil at home' (l. 90) prove that the action is out of doors. It is however a mistake, we think, to change the locality at all. Margaret enters in her usual high spirits, and it is inconceivable that she can be aware of what had just taken place. This, however, must be made quite clear to the audience (and to the reader), and the only way of doing so is by running 5. 1. and 5. 2. together, as we have done.

6. *style* with a quibble upon 'stile,' cf. 'come over it.'

10. *below stairs* v. G. 'stairs.'

20–1. *put in the pikes with a vice* v. G. 'pike.'

24. S.D. Q. 'Exit Margarite.' N.B. The name is always spelt 'Margaret' elsewhere in the text; possibly a compositor's expansion of 'Marg.' Cf. note 2. 2. 41.

26–9. *The god of love* etc., printed as prose in Q. The ditty, by William Elderton, though apparently no longer extant, is known to have been an old-fashioned one in Shakespeare's day. We must suppose that Benedick's singing of the song (in a rough voice, if we may judge from 2. 3. 57–60, 81–5) produces a laugh from the audience, whereupon he turns upon them with the rest of his speech.

34–5. *turned over and over...in love* Cf. *Rom.* 1. 4. 41–2 'the mire of this sir-reverence love.'

41. S.D. Q. 'Enter Beatrice.'—after l. 42. We follow F. position.

46. *came for* (Rowe) Q. 'came'

59. *maintain* (Capell) Q. 'maintaind'—an *e* : *d* misprint, v. T.I. p. xli.

72. *in the time of good neighbours* 'When a man had no need to praise himself' (Aldis Wright).

72–5. *If a man* etc. Cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 139–43.

77. *Question!* Q. 'Queſtion,' i.e. 'what a question's there' (Warburton). Ritson ridiculed this interpretation, but none other seems likely. The expression does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare and N.E.D. does not quote it.

79. *Don Worm, his conscience* Halliwell quotes 'Item, payd to ij. wormes of conscience, xvj d.' from the accounts of the Coventry Mysteries, and Aldis Wright cites *Mark* ix. 48 'their worm dieth not.' Cf. '*Vermis conscientiae*, more wounding are thy stings,' Greene, *Groatsworth of Wit.*

88. *leave you too* We must suppose that he hurriedly unclasps the arm about her waist as Ursula enters.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Vrſula.'—after l. 86. We follow F. position.

97. S.D. Q. 'exit.' F. reads 'Exeunt.'

5. 3.

This scene, consisting of the epitaph, the song and dialogue, is wholly in rhyme, except ll. 1–2, and is clearly youthful work.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.' We introduce Balthazar, since it is highly improbable that two singing-men were available for this play. Pope headed the scene 'A church,' and most edd. follow; but from the Prince's words, 'look, the

gentle day/Dapples the drowsy east' etc. (25–7), it is clear that the scene is out of doors. It is in fact a churchyard scene similar to that in *Rom.* 5. 3. before Capulet's monument. Boas heads it 'A Churchyard.'

1–2. This abrupt commencement suggests that the beginning of the scene has been abridged.

3. Q. heads the verses 'Epitaph' and does not assign them to Claudio. The player was of course intended to read them from a scroll on the stage, and by thus marking them 'Epitaph' perhaps Shakespeare wished to indicate that they did not belong to his 'part' but were to be copied out on to a separate piece of paper.

10. *dumb* Q. 'dead' F. 'dombe' If Shakespeare spelt 'dumb' as 'dome' (a 16th cent. sp., v. N.E.D.), with a minim short and with an oversized *e*, the Q. misprint is explained. The F. correction could be made by a compositor, with the rhyme to guide him.

13. *virgin knight* i.e. of Diana, the 'goddess of the night.' Johnson quotes *All's Well*, 1. 3. 119–20 'Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised' etc.

20. *utter'd* The meaning is in dispute. Furness interprets 'overcome, vanquished to the utterance,' but probably it means simply 'expressed, commemorated in song' (S. Walker).

21. *heavily* Cf. *Temp.* 4. 1. 138 (S.D.), 'after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.'

22–3. Q. prints this in one line and heads it 'Lo.' (i.e. Lord). Presumably Shakespeare wrote 'cla.' so carelessly in the margin that the compositor took it for 'lo.'

25–7. *and look, the gentle day...grey* These lines are strongly reminiscent of *Rom.* 2. 3. 1–4:

> The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
> Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
> And fleckéd darkness like a drunkard reels
> From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

32. *speeds* Most mod. edd. follow Thirlby and read 'speed's' i.e. speed us. But 'speeds,' i.e. hastens towards us, makes good sense, and an audience would suspect no other meaning. Shakespeare did not write for the eye.

33. S.D. Q. 'exeunt.'

5. 4.

The first 90 ll. of the scene are in verse, including speeches by Beatrice and Benedick, the rest is in prose, except for the messenger's two lines at the end.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Vrſula, old man, Frier, Hero.' The omission of Beatrice from this list is curious, since she presumably joined the company with Benedick. Possibly she was deliberately left out in order to give the boy-player a rest. Steevens, and some other edd., omit Margaret, probably because of the conversation about her at the beginning of the scene; but there is no reason why she should hear this, if the men and the women enter in separate groups.

7. *sort* (F.) Q. 'ſorts'

12. S.D. Q. 'Exeunt Ladies.'—after l. 16.

16, 19. broken lines.

33. *Here comes* etc. F. omits this line.

S.D. Q. 'Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other.' F. 'Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.' The change was probably made by the compositor to avoid over-running.

39. S.D. Q. gives no 'exit.'

40. *Benedick* Q. 'Bened.' Cf. note 2. 2. 41.

41. *such a February face* The quarrel is not yet composed, and Benedick still frowns upon Claudio.

51. S.D. Q. 'Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.'

52–3. *here comes...seize upon?* 'Claudio's conduct when he cast Hero off before the altar is hardly less repulsive than his present flippancy. I cannot believe

that this is pure Shakespeare' (Furness). Shakespeare, who was no sentimentalist, does not soften the lines of Claudio's character because he happens to be in the last scene of the play. Possibly Claudio's behaviour seemed less outrageous in the old play and his character became distorted by the revision, without Shakespeare noticing or caring. For 'reck'nings' cf. l. 9 above.

54. *This same* etc. Q. gives this in error (cf. ll. 15–16 above) to 'Leo.' Theobald first restored it to Antonio. Boas gives ll. 56–7 also to Antonio.

76. *deceivéd, for they* (Capell) Q. 'deceived, they'

97. *Peace, I will* etc. Q. gives this to 'Leon.' Theobald restored it to its only possible owner.

101–103. *if a man...handsome about him* i.e. 'if a man is to live in fear of an epigram, he will not dare to put on even a handsome suit of clothes—how much more, to marry a handsome woman' (Furness).

111–12. *out of thy single life...double-dealer* i.e. 'out of your bachelor life into matrimony; with a play upon "double-dealer" = an unfaithful husband' (Boas).

121–22. *reverend* (F.) Q. 'reuerent' *There is no staff ...tipped with horn* i.e. 'one of the ancient order of cuckolds is more reverend than any flunkey tipstaff' (W. W. Greg: privately).

122. S.D. Q. 'Enter Meſſenger.' The messenger's speech of two lines of verse, in the midst of a prose passage, is noteworthy.

126. S.D. Q. 'dance.' No 'exeunt' given.

Note. This list does not include stage-directions, changes in punctuation or indifferent alterations of spelling. The Q. readings are given for comparison, preceded by < in each case.

1. 1. 48 ease < eate, 48 he's < he is, 85 he < a, 88 You'l ne're < You will neuer, 91 you are < are you, 101 *om.* ſir, 134 your < yours, 140 This < That, 215 ſpeake < ſpoke, 292–93 *om.* and with...haue her, 295 doe you < you do.

1. 2. 4 *om.* ſtrange, 9 my < mine, 9 *om.* much, 25 skill < ſhill.

1. 3. 7 bringeth < brings, 8 yet < at leaſt, 22 *om.* true, 36 I will make < I make, 46 brothers < bothers, 51 on < one, 57 *om.* me, 69 of < a.

2. 1. 15 he < a, 30 vpon < on, 49 *om.* father, 56 *om.* an, 65 heare < here, 71 ſinkes < ſincke, 87 Loue < Ioue, 130 pleaſeth < pleaſes, 175 Count < county, 176 off < of, 199 *om.* I, 200 *om.* good, 203 *om.* vp, 226 and that < that, 231 *om.* her, 256 this < my, 260 a < his, 275 a < that, 295 my < her, 311 of < a, 332 Counte < Countie, 338 *om.* my.

2. 2. 5 medicinable < medcinable, 31 on < don, 34 in a loue < in loue, 45 truths < truth, 50 thou < you.

2. 3. 24 an oyſter < and oyſter, 32 *om.* I, 71 were < was, 83 liefe < liue, 137 vs of < of vs, 157 but make < make but, 171 he < a, 183 'Fore < Before, 186 *Leon.* < *Claudio*, 188 ſee < ſay, 190 *om.* moſt, 197 ſee < ſeeke, 205 vnworthy to haue < vnworthy, 210–11 gentlewoman < gentlewomen, 215 into < in to, 219 the < their, 241 Againſt < Againſt, 252 into < in to.

3. 1. 4 Vrſula < Vrſley, 12 purpoſe < propoſe, 58 ſhe < ſheele, 79 to < then, 104 tane < limed.

3. 2. 31–4 *om.* or in the ſhape...no dublet, 36 to appeare < appeare, 50 *Prin.* < *Bene.*, 57 *om.* conclude, 96 hath < has, 121 night < midnight.

3. 3. 35 *om.* to, 42 them < thoſe, 77 Statues < ſtatutes, 123 yeares < yeere, 135 *om.* I, 147 thy < they.

3. 4. 7 *Bero.* < *Hero*, 10 *Bero.* < *Hero*, 16 *Bero.* < *Hero*, 17 in < it, 43 looke < ſee, 69 *Beuedictus* < *benedictus*.

3. 5. 23 times < pound, 30 haue < ha, 47 *om.* it, 55 examine < examination, 55 thoſe < theſe.

4. 1. 19 *om.* not knowing...do, 21 ha, ha<ah, ha, 75 *om.* ſo, 86 you are<are you, 95 ſpoken<ſpoke, 125 reward<rereward, 132 ſmeered<ſmirched, 151 *om.* two, 160 beare<beate, 274 ſweare by it<ſweare, 290 *om.* it, 315 *om.* Counte, 330 *om.* I.

4. 2. 18–21 *om.* Yea ſir we hope...ſuch villaines, 51 by th' maſſe<by maſſe, 64 *Leonato*<Leonatoes, 67 *Sex.*<*Couley*, 81 *om.* is.

5. 1. 6 comfort<comforter, 7 doth<doe, 63 my<mine, 100 *Ant.*<*Brother*, 157 ſaies<ſaid, 165 there's<theirs, 168 propreſt<properſt. 177 on<one, 256 thou thou<thou, 309 reuerend<reuerent.

5. 2. 33 name<names, 36 *om.* in, 39 time<rime, 40 for<nor, 74 monuments<monument, 74 Bels ring<bell rings.

5. 3. 10 dombe<dead, 21 Heauenly, heauenly<Heauily, heauily.

5. 4. 7 fort<forts, 33 *om.* Heere...Claudio, 50 A<And, 63 *om.* defiled, 80 *om.* that, 81 *om.* that, 82 *om.* ſuch, 105 *om.* what, 121 reuerend<reuerent.

ANALYSIS: (*i*) *omissions* 35 (single words 30, longer passages 5), (*ii*) *words transposed* 5, (*iii*) *words added* 8, (*iv*) *letters changed* 7 (i.e. ease<eate, skill<shill, Loue<Ioue, Beuedictus<benedictus, beare<beate, time<rime, for<nor), (*v*) *letters lost* 4 (i.e. on<don, ſee<ſeeke, Statues<ſtatutes, reward<rereward), (*vi*) *change of tense or form* 9 (i.e. ſpeake<ſpoke, bringeth<brings, pleaſeth<pleaſes, were<was, hath<has, haue<ha, ſpoken<ſpoke, doth<doe, ſaies<ſaid), (*vii*) *change of number, verbal or substantival* 8 (i.e. ſinkes<ſincke, yeares<yeere, Bels ring<bell rings, truths<truth, gentlewoman<gentlewomen, name<names, monuments<monument, fort<forts), (*viii*) *pronominal changes* 13 (i.e. your<yours, he<a [3], This<That, my<mine [2], thou<you, them<thoſe, thoſe<theſe, this<my, my<her, thy<they), (*ix*) *prepositional changes* 6 (i.e. of<a, vpon<on, 'Fore<Before, into<in to [2], off<of), (*x*) *spellings and contractions* 11 (i.e. he's<he is, You'l ne're<You will neuer, on<one [2], medicinable<medcinable, liefe<liue, propreſt<properſt, heare<here, there's<theirs, reuerend<reuerent [2]), (*xi*) *substitution of one word for another* 26 (i.e. a<that, ſee<ſay, the<their, to<then (=than), looke<ſee, examine<ex-

amination, ha, ha<ah, ha, comfort<comforter, yet<at leaſt, Count<county, an oyſter<and oyſter, Counte<Countie, a<his, of<a, Vrſula<Vrſley, purpoſe<propoſe, ſhe<ſheele, tane<limed, night<midnight, times<pound, ſmeered<ſmirched, Leonato<Leonatoes, Heauenly, heauenly<Heauily, heauily, in<it, dombe<dead, A<And), (*xii*) *change in speech-headings* 7 (i.e. Leon.<Claudio, Prin.<Bene., Bero.<Hero [3], Sex.<Couley, Ant.<Brother), (*xiii*) *miscellaneous* 2 (i.e. brothers<bothers, Againſt<Aganſt). TOTAL 141.

NOTES. (*a*) Of these changes 17 have been adopted in the present edition as definite and assured rectifications. They are: (*i*) *corrections of obvious misprints*, i.e. skill<shill (1. 2. 25), brothers<bothers (1. 3. 46), an oyſter<and oyſter (2. 3. 24), vs of<of vs (2. 3. 137), Againſt<Aganſt (2. 3. 241), in<it (3. 4. 17), ſort<ſorts (5. 4. 7); (*ii*) *normalisation of Q. spellings*, some of them probably Shakespeare's, i.e. on<one (1. 3. 51), heare<here (2. 1. 65), medicinable<medcinable (2. 2. 5), liefe<liue (2. 3. 83), there's<theirs (5. 1. 165), on<one (5. 1. 177), reuerend<reuerent (5. 1. 309), reuerend<reuerent (5. 4. 121); (*iii*) *dombe<dead* (5. 3. 10)—where the rhyme with 'tomb' provides a patent guide to the right reading; (*iv*) *the speech-heading* Prin.<Bene. (3. 2. 50), where if the compositor was attending to the sense of the dialogue at all, he could not help seeing that the attribution to Benedick was palpably incorrect.

(*b*) Two F. readings in particular have been defended by modern editors. The first is 'Statues'<'ſtatutes' (3. 3. 77). Dogberry is speaking, and the 'statues' blunder is so much in his manner that it has been accepted by nearly everyone. Similarly 'thou thou'<'thou' (5. 1. 256) has appeared to some to add an effective touch of incoherence to a speech charged with emotion. Yet these changes, one involving the loss of a letter and the other the duplication of a small word, are precisely of the same order as the ten dozen obvious F. errors which most recent editors have agreed to reject, and it is quite unscientific to select these two for approval because they happen to give aesthetic satisfaction. We therefore class them unhesitatingly as accidents of the press with the rest.

c) The commonest type of F. misprint is that of omission,

a sure sign that the compositor was working with more haste than care. Two of these, however, are of such a length that editors have naturally asked themselves whether the omission in these instances was not deliberate rather than accidental. In one of them (3. 2. 31–4) the costume of Spaniards and Germans is unkindly glanced at, and it has been plausibly supposed that the passage was cut out, when *Much Ado* was performed at Court in 1613, before the Princess Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine (v. p. 159). In the other (4. 2. 18–21) Dogberry in his blundering fashion takes liberties with the name of the Deity, and the blasphemy law has been invoked to account for the 'cut.' If so, however, one imagines that the playhouse censor would have extended his activities to the not infrequent other passages in the text where the word 'God' occurs, did not such inconsistency tally with the casual treatment of the stage-directions (v. p. 89). It is, therefore, impossible to say whether this omission arose from some haphazard erasure by the prompter or simply from the carelessness of a compositor.

To sum up, the only changes in the F. which we can be certain were deliberate are those alterations in the stage-directions, recorded in the notes, which were clearly due to the prompter's pen. We see no sufficient reason for thinking that he or anyone else in the theatre made any changes in the dialogue, except possibly at 3. 2. 31–4 and 4. 2. 18–21. For the dialogue, therefore, the Quarto is our sole authority, and an editor who admits F. readings into his text, beyond the seventeen obvious corrections noted above, does so at his peril.

THE STAGE-HISTORY OF *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

The title-page of the Quarto of 1600, which is the first printed edition of *Much Ado about Nothing*, says that 'it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.' It was one of the fourteen plays acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men at Court before the Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine Elector during the festivities that celebrated their betrothal and wedding; and John Heminge, representing the Company, was paid by a warrant dated at Whitehall, May 20, 1613. It is easy to believe that a play so rich in 'good acting parts' was a favourite with the players, and so delightful a comedy a favourite with the public; but of *Much Ado about Nothing* on the public stage we hear no more in the whole of the seventeenth century.

A regulation of December 12, 1660, preserved in the Lord Chamberlain's records, set aside nine plays by Shakespeare as the special property of D'Avenant and the Duke's Company; and of these *Much Ado about Nothing* was one. These plays D'Avenant proposed 'to reform and make fitt for the Company of Actors appointed under his direction and command.' At his reform of this particular play we have already had a glance in the note on the stage-history of *Measure for Measure*, where we saw Pepys (February 18, 1662) enjoying at 'the Opera' (the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields) *The Law against Lovers*, a play which D'Avenant had written from material out of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. There may have been one or more performances of Shakespeare's play at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the reign of William III; for

when it makes its first exactly recorded appearance on the public stage, taking its turn among John Rich's Shakespearian revivals at that theatre in 1721 (February 9), we are told that it had not been acted there for thirty years. In Rich's cast the Benedick was probably Ryan; the Beatrice, Mrs Cross; the Leonato, Quin; the Dogberry, Bullock; the Claudio, Leigh; and the Hero, Mrs Seymour.

Then the play disappears again for some time. Scraps of Benedick crop up in *Love in a Forest*, a play founded by Charles Johnson on *As You Like It*, which was produced at Drury Lane in 1723 and published in the same year. And on February 28, 1737, we find at Drury Lane a new play called *The Universal Passion* (published 1737) in which the Rev. James Miller had run together *Much Ado about Nothing* and Molière's *La Princesse d'Elide*. The very similarity of the two themes prevented the English comedy and the French 'comédie mêlée de danse et de musique' from combining into a good play; but Miller had the wisdom to preserve the element of dance and music, and his piece was acted nine times that season. No doubt a great attraction in it was the performance of Liberia ('with songs') by Mrs Clive, who chose the piece for her benefit in 1741. Liberia is Miller's name for Beatrice. Quin played Protheus, who answers to Benedick; Theophilus Cibber was Joculo, a Court-jester; Harper and Macklin appeared in two characters elegantly named Porco and Asino; Mrs Butler played Lucilia (Hero), and Mrs Pritchard Delia (Margaret). This was the last violent distortion of a comedy which has, on the whole, been treated with respect by the improvers of Shakespeare. At Covent Garden in May, 1739, Rich gave *Much Ado about Nothing* with Chapman for Benedick, Mrs Vincent for Beatrice and Mrs Bellamy for Hero; and three times in the spring of 1746 the same theatre offered the chance of seeing the great Mrs Pritchard as

Beatrice, with Ryan for Benedick and Hippisley for Dogberry.

Two seasons later began the period of the comedy's greatest popularity. Garrick, having rehearsed the part for two months before he could satisfy himself, made his first appearance as Benedick, and gave *Much Ado about Nothing* its first performance at Drury Lane, on November 14, 1748; and Mrs Pritchard was the Beatrice. 'Every scene between them,' says Davies, 'was a continual struggle for superiority; nor could the spectators determine to which of them the preference was due.' The play was given eight times in succession; and once or more during every season while he was at Drury Lane Garrick revived it and acted Benedick. With all an actor's shrinking from the intrusion of his private life upon the public, he chose the play for his last appearance before his marriage and his first appearance after it. In 1765, dragged by an adroitly procured Royal command from the seclusion that followed his long tour abroad, he chose this 'safe draw' (the interesting O'Brien had had a try at Benedick during his absence) for the first of his reluctant reappearances before the public. In October, 1769, a performance of Benedick was his personal contribution to the great Shakespeare pageant at Drury Lane, which followed the Stratford-upon-Avon Jubilee; and during his farewell from the stage he played Benedick for the last time on May 9, 1776. Till 1756 his Beatrice was Mrs Pritchard; when her daughter in that year succeeded her in the part, 'the play lost half its value.' In 1759 Miss Macklin, in 1775 Miss Haughton each chose to play Beatrice on her benefit night; but in 1762 appeared a worthy successor to Mrs Pritchard in Miss Pope, who after that date was Garrick's regular Beatrice. Among his Dogberrys were Taswell, Yates and Parsons.

During these years Covent Garden scarcely touched the play: there was no competing with Garrick's

Benedick. One revival in 1774 and one in 1775 showed Lee as Benedick, and first Mrs Spranger Barry, then Mrs Bulkley as Beatrice, with Shuter for Dogberry (he had played Verges under Garrick). In 1773 a new Benedick had appeared at Bath—Henderson. London saw him first in the part at Drury Lane on February 10, 1778, to the Beatrice of Miss Pope; and at Covent Garden (where Lewis had acted it in 1777) and in the provincial theatres he played it pretty frequently in succeeding years. But after Garrick's retirement the Beatrices are more interesting than the Benedicks. In December, 1779, we come upon news from Bath that makes us jump: Mrs Siddons is acting Beatrice. But that portent did not occur often. At Covent Garden in 1783 comes something much more promising: the first mention of Mrs Abington as Beatrice. The part was one of her favourites; and at that theatre she held it, with occasional relief from Miss Brunton, Mrs Esten and Miss Wallis, until she was over 50 years of age. Her Benedicks were Henderson, Holman, and, chiefly, Lewis; and Munden is found among her Dogberrys. Next comes Miss Farren. She had played Beatrice first at the Haymarket in 1787; and she was the Beatrice when *Much Ado about Nothing* and the part of Benedick were taken up by the great manager of the day, John Philip Kemble. Reviving it first at Drury Lane in April, 1788, Kemble gave the play pretty regularly until 1802, Mrs Jordan taking up Beatrice after Miss Farren's marriage to the Earl of Derby. Moody and Suett are found playing Dogberry for Kemble.

After Mrs Jordan there was no very eminent Beatrice for many years; but the play never lost favour. Charles Kemble, who had been playing Claudio for his brother since 1797, was promoted in 1803 to Benedick, which was considered one of his happiest efforts as actor. Next in the list comes Elliston, who, trying the part for the first time at Bath in 1802, went on playing it in London

and elsewhere for some years. Macready, who as a youth had been a 'very bad' Benedick at Bath in 1815, staged the play at Drury Lane in 1843, with Miss Nesbitt for Beatrice. Samuel Phelps gave it at Sadler's Wells in 1848, but did not act in it. Charles Kean revived it very sumptuously in his farewell season at the Princess's Theatre in 1858. A few years later Miss Herbert, at the St James's Theatre, played Beatrice to the Benedick of Walter Lacy, with Frank Matthews for Dogberry; and in 1865 Mr and Mrs Charles Calvert played Benedick and Beatrice in their second season of management at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. John Hollingshead, at the Gaiety Theatre in 1875, gave Beatrice to Ada Cavendish and Benedick to Hermann Vezin; and in 1879 Barry Sullivan played Benedick at the Haymarket, at Manchester to the Beatrice of Miss Wallis and at Stratford-upon-Avon to the Beatrice of Helen Faucit.

And then came the revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* by Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre in October, 1882. This was 'the bright star in the crown' of Irving, says an American historian of Shakespeare on the stage, Professor George C. D. Odell. 'If anything more exquisite was ever put upon the stage, I envy those who saw it'; and all who can remember that production are likely to agree with him. Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice gave the most enchanting of all her performances in Shakespeare—more enchanting even than her Portia. Beatrice's wit came jetting from her lips as if every word of it had just occurred to her on the spur of the moment. Irving's Benedick was one of the best of his lighter performances; and Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Claudio, William Terriss as Don Pedro, Jessie Millward as Hero, Charles Glenney as Don John, S. Johnson as Dogberry, Fernandez as Leonato, Howe as Antonio, and others of the Lyceum Company were well placed. The staging, by W. Cuthbert, William Telbin

and Hawes Craven, and the costumes, by Alfred Thompson, were beautiful. To the text of the play Irving rendered service by cutting out some poor lines that early in the nineteenth century had crept into the scene where Benedick promises Beatrice to kill Claudio (4. 1.), and restoring the scene of Claudio's penance at Leonato's monument (5. 3.). In 1903 Miss Ellen Terry played Beatrice again at her Imperial Theatre in Westminster (now demolished), to the Benedick of Mr Oscar Asche, with a setting designed by her son, Mr Gordon Craig. Meanwhile, at the St James's Theatre in 1898, George Alexander had revived the play, essaying Benedick, to the Beatrice of Miss Julia Neilson, with Miss Fay Davis as Hero, Mr Fred Terry as Don Pedro and H. B. Irving as Don John. Tree staged the play very splendidly at His Majesty's Theatre in January, 1905, playing Benedick to the Beatrice of Miss Winifred Emery, with Laurence Irving for Don John, Basil Gill for Claudio, Miriam Clements for Hero, Louis Calvert for Dogberry and Lionel Brough for Verges; and in that decade a performance of the play at Stratford-upon-Avon showed Mr Henry Ainley as Benedick and Miss Constance Collier as Beatrice. Of recent years the comedy has been very frequently acted. The Benson Company long had the advantage of a Dogberry of genius in George R. Weir; and *Much Ado about Nothing* has formed part of the repertory of the Ben Greet Company (in which H. B. Irving played Benedick), Mr Charles Fry, and of the only theatre in London where Shakespeare is regularly acted—the Royal Victoria Hall, or 'Old Vic.'

HAROLD CHILD.

GLOSSARY

Note. Where a pun or quibble is intended, the meanings are distinguished as (*a*) and (*b*)

ACCIDENT, incident; 2. 1. 168

ADAM. Most edd. take this as an allusion to Adam Bell, the famous outlaw archer of the north, as Robin Hood was of the midlands; 1. 1. 244

ADVERTISEMENT, advice, admonition; 5. 1. 32

AGATE, 'a very diminutive person, in allusion to small figures cut in agates for seals' (N.E.D.); 3. 1. 65

AIM, 'aim better at me,' i.e. 'think better of me,' or 'make a better guess at my character'; 3. 2. 89

ALMS, i.e. an act of charity; 2. 3. 159

AMBLE, the favourite pace with Elizabethans, which 'in his smoothe stealing away, and as it were with a soft and tender touching of the ground, carries his burthen away gently without shaking' (Gervase Markham, cited *Sh. Eng.* ii. 416); 5. 1. 155

ANCIENTRY, antique style; 2. 1. 69

ANGEL, a gold coin, value 10*s.*; the 'noble' was another name for it, hence the quibble; 2. 3. 32

ANTIC, buffoon, clown, fool; 3. 1. 63

ANTICLY, fantastically (like a 'fool'); 5. 1. 96

APPREHEND, seize a point; 2. 1. 72

APPREHENSION, quickness of wit; 3. 4. 63

APPROVED, confirmed, proved; 2. 1. 355; 4. 1. 43

ARGUMENT, theme; 1. 1. 241; 2. 3. 11

BADGE, 'a mark of service: hence appropriately used for a mark of inferiority, and as such an expression of modesty' (Aldis Wright); 1. 1. 21

BALDRIC, 'a belt or girdle, usually of leather and richly ornamented, worn pendent from one shoulder across the breast and under the other arm, and used to support the wearer's sword, bugle, etc.' (N.E.D.); 1. 1. 228

BANQUET, an elaborate kind of dessert, consisting of fruit, wine, sweetmeats, etc., served at some interval after supper (cf. *Shrew*, 5. 2 9–10 'My banquet is to close our stomachs up,/After our great good cheer,' and *Rom.* 1. 5. where Capulet has a banquet prepared for his guests at the end of the dance after supper); 2. 1. 158

BARN, with a quibble upon 'barne' = bairn, child; 3. 4. 44

BASTED ON, tacked or sewn on loosely; 1. 1. 270

BATE, deduct, diminish; 2. 3. 176

BEAR IN HAND, delude or abuse with false pretences (lit. 'maintain' < Fr. maintenir); 4. 1. 302

BENT, the utmost degree of passion,

inclination, or mental disposition (term der. from archery); 2. 3. 219; 4. 1. 185

BERROrD, a bear-keeper. Some interpret the word 'bear-ward'; N.E.D. as 'bear-herd,' quoting 'beare-heard' 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 191 (which may be a compositor's expansion of 'berrord'). Other contemp. writers use 'bear-herd' and 'bear-ward' indiscriminately; 2. 1. 37

BESHREW, i.e. a plague upon! 5. 1. 55

BILL, a weapon with a long wooden handle and a blade or axe-shaped head at the end of it; 3. 3. 41; 'a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills,' with a quibble upon a bill of sale (cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 7. 133–34); 3. 3. 172

BILLS (set up), posted up advertisements, placards, i.e. issued a general challenge; 1. 1. 36

BIRDBOLT, a blunt wooden-headed heavy arrow, used for shooting small birds from a short distance (v. note); 1. 1. 39

BLAZON, description (lit. an interpretation of armorial bearings), i.e. Beatrice has well interpreted the colours in Claudio's complexion; 2. 1. 276

BLOCK, (*a*) mould for a hat, i.e. fashion, style, (*b*) blockhead, simpleton; 1. 1. 72; a stump for chopping; 2. 1. 223

BOARD, accost (with a quibble upon the naval sense, cf. 'in the fleet'); 2. 1. 132

BOOKS (in your), in favour with you, in your good books; 1. 1. 74

BOUT, round, turn; 2. 1. 78

BREAK A COMPARISON, a metaphor from 'breaking a lance at tilting' (cf. 'remnants of wit broken on me,' 2. 3. 230–31, and *comparison*); 2. 1. 135

BREAK WITH, reveal, divulge; 1. 1. 292; 1. 2. 14; 3. 2. 68

BROKE CROSS, 'It was dishonourable for a tilter to have his lance broken crosswise instead of lengthways against his opponent's shield' (Boas); 5. 1. 137

BUCKLERS (give the), yield, admit defeat (v. *pike*); 5. 2. 17

BURDEN, part for the bass (cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 2. 84). Margaret means that the song can be sung without men; 3. 4. 41

CANDLE-WASTER, a bookworm, who burns the midnight oil (cf. Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, 3. 2. 'A whoreson bookworm, a candle-waster'); 5. 1. 18

CANKER, the dog-rose; 1. 3. 25

CARDUUS BENEDICTUS, the Blessed Thistle, a popular medicinal remedy of the period; 3. 4. 68–9

CAREER, the gallop or charge in the lists of a tournament; 2. 3. 235; 5. 1. 133

CARPET-MONGER, a carpet-knight, a contemptuous term for one whose prowess belongs rather to the boudoir than to the battlefield (cf. *monging*); 5. 2. 32

CARRIAGE, conduct, behaviour, line of action; 1. 3. 27

CARRY, manage, carry out; 2. 3. 211; 4. 1. 209

CATCH, to make a sudden snatch (as a hound does when he comes up with his quarry); 5. 2. 12

CENSURE, judge, estimate, regard (not necessarily unfavourably); 2. 3. 220

CHAM (the great), the emperor of China (Cham = Khan); 2. 1. 250

Charge, burden, load; 1. 1. 98

Cheapen, make a bid for; 2. 3. 30

Cinque-pace, a galliard of five steps (v. note); 2. 1. 67, 71

Civet, a musk-smelling perfume, derived from the secretions of the civet-cat, much used by gentry at this period; 3. 2. 46

Civil, with a quibble upon 'civil-oranges,' i.e. oranges from Seville (cf. Nashe, *Works*, McKerrow, i. 329, 'as ciuil as a ciuil orenge'); 2. 1. 274

Clap into, strike up (cf. *A.Y.L.* 5. 3. 11). 'to enter with alacrity and briskness into anything' (Johnson); 3. 4. 40

Claw, tickle, fawn upon, flatter (short for 'claw the back,' or 'the ears,' i.e. stroke); 1. 3. 17

Cold (catching), with a quibble upon 'colled' or 'culled' = embraced (cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 2. 136); 3. 4. 61

Comfect, 'Count Comfect,' i.e. Count Sugar-plum. R. G. White suggests a quibble on 'conte confect,' a made-up story; 4. 1. 315

Comparison, scoffing simile (cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 2. 854); 2. 1. 135

Complement, formal civility ('compliment' is a Fr. word, not Englished before the end of the 17th cent.); 4. 1. 318

Confirmed, unmoved, resolute; 2. 1. 355; 5. 4. 17

Conjecture, suspicion, evil surmise; 4. 1. 105

Contemptible, scornful, contemptuous; 2. 3. 180

Continuer, a horse with a good wind and of good staying power (cf. *Tim.* 1. 1. 10–11 'breathed, as it were,/To an untirable and continuate goodness'); 1. 1. 136

Conveyance, sleight of hand, dexterity (cf. *M.W.W.* 1. 3. 29 "Convey, the wise it call"); 2. 1. 228

Counsel, 'wear it out with good counsel,' i.e. endure it with resolution; 2. 3. 199

Cousin, 'any collateral relative more distant than brother or sister' (Onions); 1. 2. 1, 23 etc.

Cross, (*a*) thwart, (*b*) sign with the cross in blessing (cf. *Errors*, 2. 1. 79); 1. 3. 63

Crotchet, (*a*) the note in music, (*b*) silly notion; 2. 3. 55

Curst, shrewish; 2. 1. 18; 'a curst cow' = a vicious cow; 2. 1. 20–1

Cuts, ornamental slashes in a garment; 3. 4. 18

Daff, put off, thrust aside (a variant of 'doff'); 2. 3. 169; 5. 1. 78

Despite, 'in the despite of,' i.e. in contempt of; 1. 1. 222

Difference, 'an alteration or addition to a coat of arms, to distinguish a junior member or branch of a family from the chief line' (N.E.D.); 1. 1. 65

Dotage, doting; 2. 3. 168, 212

Drift, plot, intention; 2. 1. 364

Dry hand, a sign of old age. A moist hand was regarded as a token of lasciviousness (cf. *Oth.* 3. 4. 36; *Ant.* 1. 2. 53); 2. 1. 107

Dump, plaintive melody or song (cf. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 442); 2. 3. 70

Eftest, unexplained. Some take it for a blunder, but possibly a misprint for 'estest' = pleasantest, though N.E.D. does not record this word after 1300; 4. 2. 36

ENDS (old), tags, quotations (cf. *R. III*, 1. 3. 336–37); 1. 1. 271
ENRAGED, mad; 2. 3. 103
EVEN, plain, easy; 4. 1. 263
EXHIBITION. Verges refers to Leonato's permission to examine the prisoners, but uses a word which properly signifies an 'allowance' of money (cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 3. 69); 4. 2. 5

FALSE GALLOP, lit. a canter. Margaret quibbles; 3. 4. 87
FASHION-MONGING, v. *monging*; 5. 1. 94
FATHER, 'fathers herself,' i.e. she is like her father; 1. 1. 105
FAVOUR, face, countenance; 2. 1 85; 3. 3. 19
FETCH IN, take in, cheat; 1. 1. 211
FINE, conclusion; 1. 1. 231
FLEET (in the), i.e. in the company of dancers sailing round the room; 2. 1. 132
FLIGHT (at the), long distance shooting at the 'prick' with special light arrows called 'flights' (used quibblingly, v. note); 1. 1. 37
FLOUT, jeer, mock; 1. 1. 174; 'flout old ends' = 'to quote or recite with sarcastic purpose' (N.E.D.); 1. 1. 270
FLOW, melt, stream down (N.E.D.); 4. 1. 248
FOINING FENCE, 'a foin' was a term for 'thrust' in the new-fangled fencing vocabulary of the day, which Antonio despises (cf. *mountanto* and *M.W.W.* G. *fencing*); 5. 1. 84
FOOL (poor), i.e. 'poor dear.' Shakespeare often uses 'fool' as a term of endearment or pity; 2. 1. 293
FOUNDATION (God save), v. note; 5. 1. 311
FRAME, the action of framing, creation; 4. 1. 127, 188

GIRDLE (turn his). Claudio means that if Benedick is really angry he has only to turn his girdle so as to bring his dagger round to his right hand. 'The dagger in Shakespeare's day was generally worn behind the right hip' (*Sh. Eng.* i. 134); 5. 1. 140
GOD'S A GOOD MAN, provb. meaning apparently 'the world is as God made it and all is for the best'; 3. 5. 35
GOOD-DEN, i.e. in full 'God give ye good even'; 3. 2. 74; 5. 1. 46
GOOD-YEAR (or 'good-jer'), 'what the good-year!' = what the devil! Unexplained; N.E.D. describes it as 'a meaningless expletive,' but 'The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell' (*Lear*, 5. 3. 24) implies something definite and evil; 1. 3. 1
GOVERN, 'to regulate an instrument by means of its stops' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 39), cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 372 'govern these ventages' etc.; 3. 2. 55
GUARDED, trimmed, faced; 1. 1. 269
GULL, trick; 2. 3. 121

HAGGARD, a hawk which has moulted at least once before being caught, and therefore much more difficult to train than one caught younger (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 355); 3. 1. 36
HANGMAN, rascal (cf. *Two Gent.* 4. 4. 53); 3. 2. 11
HAPPINESS, 'a dear happiness' = a precious good fortune; 1. 1. 122;

'a good outward happiness' = a fairly favourable exterior; 2. 3. 182

HARE-FINDER, 'a man whose business is to find or espy a hare in form' before coursing (N.E.D.), i.e. a very mild sort of huntsman; 1. 1. 175

HEADBOROUGH, 'a parish officer identical in function with the petty constable' (N.E.D.); 3. 3. 1, S.D.

HEART-BURNED, suffering from heart-burn (induced by the acidity in Don John's face); 2. 1. 4

HECTOR, regarded by the Elizabethans as the type of blustering braggart; 2. 3. 187

HEELS, 'light o' love with your heels,' i.e. light-heeled = unchaste, loose; 3. 4. 42

HEIGH-HO, 'heigh-ho for a husband,' in reference to the ballad, noted by Malone, entitled 'Hey ho for a Husband. Or, the willing Maids wants made known'; 2. 1. 299; 3. 4. 49 (in the latter instance with a quibble upon 'heigh,' a cry of encouragement to a horse or a hawk)

HERCULES (the shaven), i.e. Hercules shaven and set to work at the distaff by his mistress, Omphale. Halliwell quotes an inventory of the hangings in Kenilworth Castle (1588), one of which represented the story of Hercules; 3. 3. 132

HID-FOX, i.e. the child who hides in the Elizabethan game of 'hide-and-seek' (v. note); 2. 3. 41

HIGH-PROOF, capable of enduring the severest tests; 5. 1. 122

HOBBY-HORSES, buffoons; 3. 2. 66

HOLD IT UP, keep it up; 2. 3. 124

HOLY-THISTLE, v. *Carduus Benedictus*; 3. 4. 75

HORN-MAD, mad with rage like a bull (with a quibble on the cuckold's horn); 1. 1. 254

HUNDRED MERRY TALES, a coarse jest-book, pub. 1526 by John Rastell; 2. 1. 119

IDEA, mental image; 4. 1. 223

IMPORTANT, importunate; 2. 1. 63–4

INCENSE, instigate; 5. 1. 230

INSTANCE, argument, illustrative example; 5. 2. 71

INTEND, pretend; 2. 2. 33

INTERJECTIONS, 'some be of laughing, as "ah! ha! he!"' Cf. Lyly's *Endymion*, 3. 3. 5 (ed. Bond, vol. iii.), 'An interiection, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho*, *vah*.' In both cases the origin is Lily's *Latin Grammar*; 4. 1. 20

INVENTION, artistic or literary faculty; 5. 1. 276

INWARD, secret, privy (cf. *L.L.L.* 5. 1. 102 'what is inward between us, let it pass'); 4. 1. 11

INWARDNESS, intimacy (cf. *Meas.* 3. 2. 127 'I was an inward of his'); 4. 1. 244

JACK, knave; 1. 1. 174; 5. 1. 91

JADE, a vicious horse; 1. 1. 138

JUST, just so; 2. 1. 25; 5. 1. 160

KIND, natural; 1. 1. 25

KINDLY, natural (as belonging to a father); 4. 1. 73

LAPWING, peewit, plover; 3. 1. 24

LARGE, broad (as we should say); 2. 3. 195; 4. 1. 51

LEVEL, aim; 4. 1. 236

LIBERAL, gross, licentious; 4. 1. 91

LIGHT, wanton; 3. 4. 34

LIGHT O' LOVE. The tune, but not the words, of this dance-song has survived (cf. *Two Gent.* 1. 2. 82, and v. Chapell, *Popular Music of the Old Time*, pp. 221–24); 3. 4. 40

LIVER, formerly considered the seat of the passions; 4. 1. 230

LODGE IN A WARREN, v. note; 2. 1. 198–99

LUTE, a stringed instrument, associated with love and serenades; 3. 2. 55

LUXURIOUS, lustful; 4. 1. 40

MARCH-CHICK, i.e. precocious youngster; 1. 3. 53

MARK, 'like a man at a mark.' In long distance or 'flight' (q.v.) shooting 'it was common to have a marker, whose business it was to show the shooter where the arrow had fallen' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 383); 2. 1. 229

MARL, clay; 2. 1. 57

MEASURE, (*a*) moderation, (*b*) a solemn dance, 'full of state and ancientry'; 2. 1. 64, 66, 69

MEET, 'be meet with' = be quits with; 1. 1. 44

METTLE, the stuff of life, vital energy (cf. *Meas.* G.); 2. 1. 54

MISPRISION, misapprehension; 4. 1. 184

MISPRIZE, despise; 3. 1. 52

MO, more in number. Formerly 'more' = 'more in quantity' only; 2 3. 69

MODEL, the technical term for an architect's or builder's plan (cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, 1. 3. 41–2 'When we mean to build,/We first survey the plot, then draw the model'); 1. 3. 43

MONGING, trafficking; 5. 1. 94

MORAL (sb.), secret meaning (cf. *Shrew*, 4. 4. 79 'to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens'); 3. 4. 73

MORAL (adj.), moralising, full of moral sentiments; 5. 1. 30

MOUNTANTO (or 'montanto'), the upright blow in fencing (cf. *foining fence*); 1. 1. 28

NAUGHTY, wicked, worthless; 5. 1. 290

NIGHT-GOWN; 3. 4. 17. 'They were generally made of silk or satin faced with fur, and fulfilled the purpose of a dressing-gown (cf. *Macb.* 5. 1. 5 "rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her"). It is generally supposed that the night-gown proper, or night-rail, was not worn in England until the middle of the 16th century, and then only by royalty or the nobility. The rich may have slept in their smocks' (cf. *Ado*, 2. 3. 133–34 'she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock'). *Sh. Eng.* ii. 100

NOBLE, with a quibble upon 'noble' the gold coin, v. *angel*; 2. 3. 31

NON-COME, 'taken by some to be a nonsensical abbreviation of "non-compos," but perhaps intended as a substitute for "non-plus"' (N.E.D.); 3. 5. 59

ONCE, (i) "'tis once,' i.e. once for all, in short (cf. *Errors*, 3. 1. 89 'Once this'); 1. 1. 301. (ii) ever, at any time; 5. 1. 203

ORGAN, feature, any part of the body; 4. 1. 225

PALABRAS, Dogberry probably means 'pocas palabras' (= few

words), a Spanish phrase current at the period (cf. *Shrew*, Ind. 1. 5); 3. 5. 15

PENNYWORTH, lit. bargain; 'fit... with a pennyworth' = take revenge upon him (for eavesdropping), v. N.E.D. 3 f.; 2. 3. 41

PHILEMON, Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, viii. 630) tells the story of Jupiter and Mercury visiting the old couple, Baucis and Philemon, in their cottage: 'Parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri,' a line which Golding (1597), in the version no doubt familiar to Shakespeare, translates 'The roofe thereof was thatchéd all with straw and fennish reede.' (Cf. *A.Y.L.* 3. 3. 10–11 'O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house.') v. *thatched*; 2. 1. 87

PIKE, 'put in the pikes with a vice.' The pike was a detachable spike, for thrusting at the enemy, in the centre of the buckler (cf. *Sh. Eng.* i. 13). Benedick's indelicate reference needs no comment; 5. 2. 21

PLEACHED, 'formed by the pleaching or intertwisting of boughs and twigs; fenced, bordered, or overarched with pleached boughs, as a garden-alley or arbour' (N.E.D.). Cf. *Sh. Eng.* i. 371; 1. 2. 8; 3. 1. 7

PLEASANT, jocular, facetious; 1. 1. 34

POSSESSED, (*a*) informed, instructed, (*b*) ? possessed by 'the devil,' Don John; 3. 3. 145

PRECEPTIAL, composed of precepts; 5. 1. 24

PRESENT, represent; 3. 3. 73

PRESENTLY, immediately, without delay; 1. 1. 83, etc.

PRESS TO DEATH, a reference to the 'peine forte et dure,' a torture which laid heavy weights upon the chest of the victim until he confessed; 3. 1. 76

PRESTER JOHN. 'A fabulous Christian king of vast wealth and power, who was supposed to live in some inaccessible region in the east of Asia...In the 16th cent. the name was applied to the King of Abyssinia, whose title "Prestigian," according to Purchas, was easily deflected and altered to Prester John' (Aldis Wright); 2. 1. 249

PRIZED, reckoned; 3. 1. 90

PROOF, trial, experiment; 4. 1. 44

PROPOSE (vb.), converse, discuss (cf. *Oth.* 1. 1. 25); 3. 1. 3; (sb.), usually interpreted 'purpose,' but here seemingly = conversation, discussion; 3. 1. 12

PURCHASE, acquire (a legal term); 3. 1. 70

PUSH, i.e. pish! (cf. *Tim.* 3. 6. 119); 5. 1. 38

PUT DOWN, take down, snub; 2. 1. 263

QUAINT, ingenious, dainty; 3. 4. 21

QUALIFY, abate, soften; 5. 4. 67

QUEASY, squeamish; 2. 1. 360

QUESTION (in), (*a*) of doubtful quality, (*b*) ? in demand; 3. 3. 173

QUIPS, retorts; 2. 3. 234

QUIRKS, quibbling arguments, conceits; 2. 3. 230

RACK, strain, exaggerate; 4. 1. 219

REBATO, a kind of stiff collar in use from c. 1590–1650. (Cf. Dekker: 'Your stiffenecked rebatoes, that haue more arches

for pride to row vnder then can stand vnder fiue London Bridges,' quoted *Sh. Eng.* i. 27); 3. 4. 6

RECHEAT, 'the sound for calling hounds together' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 343), 'a recheat winded in my forehead' refers of course to the cuckold's horn, and to the Actæon simile so common at the period (v. *M. W. W.* G. 'Actæon'); 1. 1. 227

REECHY, smoky, dirty; 3. 3. 130

REPROVE, disprove; 2. 3. 227

RIGHT (the), i.e. the real, genuine; 3. 3. 160

SAD, SADLY, serious, seriously; 1. 1. 174; 2. 3. 217

SALVED, lit. anointed, hence = palliated, softened; 1. 1. 298

SAVING YOUR REVERENCE, an apology for mentioning something unpleasant or indelicate (often in the form of 'sir-reverence,' cf. *Errors*, 3. 2. 91); 3. 4. 30

SCAB, a scurvy fellow (used quibblingly); 3. 3. 98

SCAMBLING, roistering, contentious; 5. 1. 94

SCORN, 'I scorn that with my heels'; 3. 4. 45–6. Cf. 'stables' l. 43, *M. of V.* 2. 2. 9 'scorn running with thy heels,' and *V.A.* 311–12 (of a mare) 'Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,/Beating his kind embracements with her heels.' It seems clear from these instances that 'to scorn with the heels' was a phrase commonly used of horses, though N.E.D. gives no instances.

SCOTCH JIG, a round dance of a lively character for a large number of people (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii 441); 2. 1. 66

SCRUPLE, an apothecary's weight (20 grains), a minute portion; 5. 1. 93

SEACOAL, i.e. coal brought by sea from Newcastle, as distinguished from charcoal. The name perhaps implies that the owner thereof was some kind of petty coal-merchant, and if so he would need the accomplishment of 'writing and reading'; 3. 3. 11

SEASON, occasion (with a play upon 'harvest-season'); 1. 3. 23

SEIZE UPON, take possession of; 5. 4. 53

SENTENCES, saws, aphorisms (cf. *Lucr.* 244 'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw'); 2. 3. 234

SERVICE, (*a*) military service, (*b*) food served up at table (cf. Jonson, *Case Altered*, 1. 1. 'the service is ready to go up, man... we lack waiters pitifully')—which is the meaning Beatrice 'apprehends'; 1. 1. 45

SHEET OF PAPER, i.e. a whole foolscap sheet; 2. 3. 134–35

SHIFT OUT OF, lit. change out of (one suit of clothes to another); 3. 3. 137

SHREWD, shrewish, sharp; 2. 1. 17

SKIN BETWEEN HIS BROWS (as the). The phrase, which occurs twice in Ben Jonson, is always used with emphasising force after 'as honest,' 'as true' and similar expressions. Furness plausibly suggests that it takes its origin from the practice of branding criminals on the skin between their brows; 3. 5. 12

SLOPS, wide loose breeches, trunk hose; 3. 2. 33

SORT, rank (cf. *Meas.* 4. 4. 15 'men of sort and suit'); 1. 1. 7, 31

SPELL BACKWARD, misrepresent, distort, 'an allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers' (Steevens); 3. 1. 61

SQUARER, 'a contentious or quarrelsome person' (N.E.D. quoting this but no other instance). To 'square,' however, may mean to 'strut, swagger' (v. N.E.D. vb. 10), and this seems equally applicable here; 1. 1. 77

STAIRS (keep below), remain a servant (Furness), but Margaret clearly has some other point, lost to us; 5. 2. 10

STALE, harlot; 2. 2. 24

STALK, 'stalk on, stalk on—the fowl sits,' an allusion to fowling with a stalking-horse, i.e. an old horse or ox, or a canvas imitation of the same, behind which the fowler lurked so as to get close up to the game (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 372 for an excellent illustration of 'stalking'); 2. 3. 95

STOMACH, (*a*) appetite, (*b*) courage; 1. 1. 49

STOPS, (*a*) pauses, lit. the sudden checks of a horse in the career (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 414), (*b*) the frets of a lute, i.e. pieces of brass or catgut bound round the finger-board, which it divided into measured lengths (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 38); 3. 2. 55

STRAIN, painful feeling (with a side-glance at musical 'strain,' as 'answer,' i.e. 'sing antiphonally,' shows); 5. 1. 12

STUFFED, (i) 'a stuffed man,' (*a*) a complete man, cf. *Rom.* 3. 5. 183 'Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,' (*b*) a man of straw (as we should say); 1. 1. 55; (ii) 'a maid and stuffed,' i.e. having a heavy cold (but with an indelicate reference also, v. *cold*); 3. 4. 60

SUFFICIENCY, ability, competency; 5. 1. 29

SUIT, wooing, courtship; 2. 1. 67, 328

SUITED, (*a*) in accord, (*b*) clothed in several suits; 5. 1. 220

SUN-BURNT, 'I am sun-burnt,' i.e. my complexion is not as it was. Cf. *Troil.* 1. 3. 282–83 'The Grecian dames are sun-burnt and not worth/The splinter of a lance.' Elizabethan ladies were very careful to keep the sun from their complexions (v. *Two Gent.* G. 'sun-expelling mask' and *Sh. Eng.* ii. 97); 2. 1. 298

TABOR, 'a small drum, used chiefly as an accompaniment to the pipe, for festive occasions' (*Sh. Eng.* ii. 47); 2. 3. 14

TAX, (i) traduce, censure; 1. 1. 43; (ii) task; 2. 3. 43

TEMPER, concoct, compound; 2. 2. 20

TEMPLE, not uncommonly used for 'church' in 16th and 17th cent. (apparently a term introduced by the Reformation); 3. 3. 155

TEMPORIZE WITH THE HOURS, i.e. put off the evil day; 1. 1. 258

TENNIS-BALLS. In Shakespeare's day these were made of white leather and stuffed with hair, generally dog's hair (v. *Sh. Eng.* ii. 460); 3. 2. 43

TERMINATIONS, definitions, expressions of opinion. N.E.D. gives no other instance of the word in this sense, but Nashe uses 'terminate' (ed. McKerrow, i. 23) with the meaning of 'define'; 2. 1. 231

TEXT, to write in capital letters, or in a text-hand; 5. 1. 178

THATCHED, with a quibbling allusion to 'a thatched-head,' i.e. one with matted hair (cf. Beau. & Fletch. *Coxcomb*, 2. 3. 'Sirrah Thatched-head'); 2. 1. 88

THICK-PLEACHED, v. *pleached*; 1. 2. 8

TIME (in good), (*a*) at a favourable moment, propitiously, (*b*) with reference to the 'time' of the music; 2. 1. 63

TOOTH-PICKER, tooth-pick ('Tooth-picks, introduced from abroad, were much in request at this period,' *Sh. Eng.* ii. 142); 2. 1. 248

TOP, 'take the present time by the top,' i.e. by the forelock (cf. *All's Well*, 5. 3. 39 'take the instant by the forward top'); 1. 2. 13

TREATISE, story, discourse; L 1. 298

TRENCHER-MAN, glutton; 1. 1. 48

TRIM, pretty, fine (generally ironical with Shakespeare); 4. 1. 319

TROW, i.e. I wonder; 3. 4. 54

TUNE, mood, temper; 3. 4. 38

TURNED SPIT, the turn-spit was the lowest menial of the kitchen; 2. 1. 235

UNCONFIRMED, inexperienced (cf. *L.L.L.* 4. 2. 19); 3. 3. 114

UNDERGO, take upon one's self; 5. 2. 55

UP AND DOWN, exactly, for all the world (cf. *Two Gent.* 2. 3. 28); 2. 1. 107–108

USE, interest; 2. 1. 260

UTTERED, expressed (v. note); 5. 3. 20

VAGROM, blunder for 'vagrant' (cf. *M.W.W.* 3. 1. 24); 3. 3. 25

VEX, afflict, torment; 2. 2. 26

VISOR (or VIZARD), a mask; 2. 1. 87, 88, 145, 224

WASH; 3. 2. 51. The barber's 'wash' is here meant, not ordinary ablutions; cf. the description of barbers in Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses*, pt ii. 50 (ed. Furnivall), 'And when they come to washing, oh how gingerly they behaue themselues therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather, or fome that riseth of the balles (for they haue their sweete balles wherewithall they vse to washe); your eyes closed, must be anointed therewith also.'

WILLOW, the symbol of forlorn love; 2. 1. 174

WINDY SIDE (the), i.e. to the windward (naut.)—so as to be able to escape readily; 2. 1. 294

WOOLLEN (in the), i.e. between the blankets, without sheets; 2. 1. 29

WORD (at a), in short; 2. 1. 103, 109

WORLD (go to), get married (cf. *All's Well*, 1. 3. 19–20); 2. 1. 298

WRING, writhe (cf. *Cym.* 3. 6. 79 'He wrings at some distress'); 5. 1. 28

WRITE AGAINST, denounce; 4. 1. 55

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